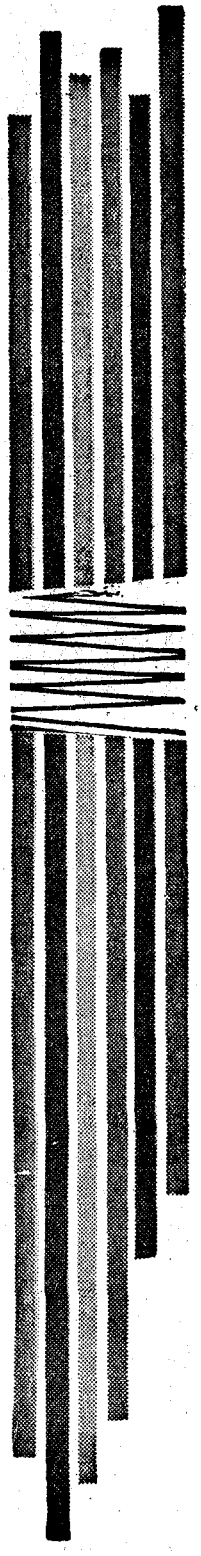
THE NATION

February 10, 1964 . . 35c



Call for Debate

The Manpower Revolution

George G. Kirstein

Dubious Role of AFL-CIO

MEDDLING in LATIN AMERICA

Stanley Meisler

Astronaut's Progress

Countdown in Ohio

Richard L. Maher

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LETTERS

Warren Commission

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Task of the Warren Commission" (Jan. 27) stated that your confidence in the Warren Commission has been strengthened by certain appointments. I place greater significance on "democratic investigative procedures" than on individuals . . . because the political pressures in this case are tremendous. . . . In the Jan. 15 *New York Times*, Mr. Rankin is quoted as having said, "The Commission is not engaged in determining the guilt of anybody." What is its purpose? This followed reports that Chief Justice Warren was for (limited) public hearings but went along with the majority for hearing witnesses in secret. Even the *New York World-Telegram* objected that "in essence this means the public will have to take the commission's word."

Jack Paley

What is treason?

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Apparently it is necessary once more to point out that the facile equation of advocacy of the overthrow of the government "by force and violence" and "treason," made again in Dorothy Marshall's letter in your issue of Jan. 20, is not a correct one.

Our Constitution, Article III, Section 3, is explicit on the matter: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies. . . ."

Let us use a little more care in throwing these words around!

Karl V. Teeter

Freedom to worship

Redwood City, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Elisabeth Mann Borgese in her article on Vatican II (Jan. 13) might well have pointed out that an intelligent vision of the modern Church should include a belief in the claim that the Church be prepared to develop a theology of freedom and responsibility for the layman. . . .

The failure of Vatican II to issue a definitive statement on the human right to worship God as man thinks he ought implies that the role of the layman in the Church is still conceived by many as passive submission to the laws and rules of the Church concerning such things as censorship, sex and personal morality. . . . What I and my fellow Catholics do not know are the specific ways by which we as followers of Christ can fulfill His love commandment and still remain sincere, responsible members of the Roman Catholic Church.

John Mason

Anti-school cult

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Gene Marine's presentation of Max Rafferty (*The Nation*, Jan. 27) . . . was well drawn and timely. It was amazing to me, however, that he could be so penetrating in describing Rafferty and the phenomenon of his rise, and yet treat the reactionary attack on education which brought him to power as a sort of peripheral issue. . . .

Liberals can recognize reactionary programs in all fields, it seems, except education. Max Rafferty's clever phrase "the cult of the slob" to describe progressive approaches to mass education struck a responsive chord even among liberal intellectuals. . . .

Repeatedly liberals have remained indifferent to local and national attacks on the schools. . . . The anti-school cult of the intellectual snob includes a wide political spectrum. It is for this reason that the extreme reactionaries focus their campaigns on education. . . .

Kenneth Goodman
Wayne State University

Pure drugs

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs: I agree with the conclusion in your editorial, "Kefauver's Reward," Jan. 6, that allegations about the late Senator's having played hanky-panky with drug share holdings are ridiculous. But I take issue with another conclusion you expressed about how "the American of small means suffers . . . from price-fixing and profiteering in drugs."

Despite allegations to the contrary, there have been no convictions of violations of the antitrust laws by drug interests in modern history. . . .

The Bureau of Labor Statistics Consumer Price Index, with 1957-59 as the base period of 100, shows the index for prescription drugs at about ninety-five, while the index for all other commodities stands at about 107. In other words, and by way of a small challenge, what other type of consumer product can match the drug record?

Austin Smith, M.D.
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Assn.

'Times' in Alabama

New York City

Dear Sirs: I read the interesting piece by Norman Dorsen, "Libel and the Free Press," in your issue of Jan. 27.

Mr. Dorsen states . . . that the *Times* is presently not distributing in Alabama "presumably because it fears still more actions."

This is not the case. We don't have a large circulation in Alabama, but such as it is it has been continuous. Our present circulation, including both subscription and dealer sales, is 324 daily and 1,802 Sunday. . . .

Harding F. Bancroft
Executive Vice President
The New York Times

THE NATION

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'Certain Painful Decisions'

Was it a *coup d'état* or a shuffle of command? Was it really carried out because certain generals were plotting with a French agent to encourage neutralist sentiment? All we know at the moment is that Washington is "embarrassed" and "disappointed" by the latest "change of personnel" in South Vietnam (see editorial, "Change in Personnel," *The Nation*, November 23, 1963). But Washington can hardly plead surprise, for a change of personnel was predictable. Nor will it be the last. One of the "reasons" given for the removal of Diem was that his brother had a life line out to North Vietnam and to the French. So the repetition of this particular "reason" in the present context shows a certain lack of imagination on the part of the plotters and schemers of South Vietnam. But reasons, as cited officially, are not important.

The facts behind this latest coup are murky but the general situation is clear. The war is going badly. Neutralist sentiment is growing. And the administrative services are disintegrating. A tip-off to what is happening on this score is the recent announcement of a cholera epidemic. Cholera is controllable; it is largely a question of administration. Against this background, it is quite impossible to establish political stability in South Vietnam. To do so it would be necessary to win the support of the people, and that would involve the presentation of a popular program. "Anti-communism" is neither a popular nor an adequate program. The Chinese have a proverb that to change the soup is not necessarily to change the medicine. The latest change of command is merely more of the same medicine. And it confronts Washington with the same problem, namely, the absence of a viable political program in what is essentially a political struggle. Now the wiseacres are saying that it was a mistake to have concurred in the ouster of Diem; but Diem's ouster was as predictable as was the early departure of the junta.

One can sympathize with the situation that now confronts the Johnson Administration, but sympathy is not what it needs just now. The need is to reject the dogma, recently repeated by Mr. Rusk and Mr. McNamara, that we have "no alternatives" to the prosecution of the war. Such statements can be paraphrased to mean: "We don't like the available alternatives." There are always alternatives, but as Marquis Childs pointed out in a recent column, the Administration must make "certain painful decisions" in South Vietnam. It would naturally prefer to make these decisions sometime after the first Tuesday of November, 1964, but it does not control the timetable. If we are not to sink, more or less by default, into the mire of a full-scale war in Southeast Asia, now is the time to explore some of the proposed alternatives. These alternatives — some of them have been cited many times in these pages — should be explored not as theoretical possibilities, but in the conviction that an alternative must be found to our present commitment without a policy. It may be painful to decide upon a new course in Southeast Asia, but new courses are available.

USIA, Murrow and Rowan

Wartime conditions scarcely favor the effective and truthful dissemination of news, but during World War II President Roosevelt was fortunate in securing the services of Elmer Davis as director of the Office of War Information (later the U.S. Information Agency). After Davis returned to broadcasting, the USIA declined to mediocrity or worse, and Senator Joe McCarthy demoralized it further. It took the combination of an extraordinarily persuasive President and an extraordinarily resourceful journalist to rehabilitate the agency. Now that Edward R. Murrow has had to resign to recover from his lung operation, everyone will join President Johnson in wishing him good luck and hope for his early return to broadcasting. All but die-hard segregationists will applaud Mr. Johnson's designation of Carl Rowan as the new director.

But it would be no service to Mr. Rowan to pretend that he has anything but a difficult job ahead of him. During a war, the military and diplomatic manipulation of news comes to be regarded as a patriotic duty, and journalistically there is not a great difference between a shooting war and the kind we have been engaged in for the past fifteen years. Mr. Rowan will have to convince the American press that he understands the importance of freedom of information, at home as well as abroad, and that he has the reporter's greatest gift—that of learning from his own mistakes.

To get off to a good start, Mr. Rowan should read the two long articles by Stanley Karnow on the reporting of the Vietnamese war, in the January 17 and 18 *San Francisco Chronicle*. There were really two wars, one against the Viet Cong, which still continues, and one against the newsmen, which is in a state of truce but may flare up again. In the war against the newsmen, Mr. Rowan, then Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, was on the wrong side. "This so-called concern about the public's right to know," he remarked, "is really concern about the fourth estate's right to make a buck." Wisecracks break no

As of January 1, Robert Hatch was appointed Managing Editor of *The Nation*. The editors now take pleasure in announcing that Elizabeth Sutherland has joined the staff as editor of Books and the Arts. Miss Sutherland was formerly an editor at Simon & Schuster and before that Edward Steichen's assistant at the Museum of Modern Art. She has published in various magazines.

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bones, but Mr. Rowan then drafted an order to the U.S. mission at Saigon advising that stories critical of Ngo Dinh Diem "increase the difficulties of the U.S. job," and that the reporters should be cautioned against "trifling or thoughtless criticism of the Diem government." The directive also requested that newsmen should not be exposed to military activities "that are likely to result in undesirable stories." Naturally things got worse, until finally John Mecklin, the U.S. Information Agency chief in Vietnam, went back to Washington and complained in person to President Kennedy.

In this instance Mr. Rowan was one of those engaged in trying to manage the news. The motto of the U.S. Information Agency is that the truth makes the best propaganda. Mr. Rowan now has a chance to practice what his agency preaches.

The Vice Presidential Derby

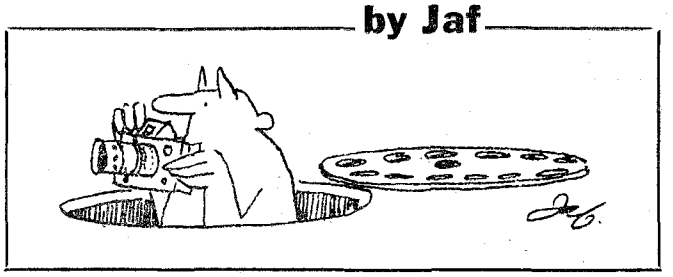
When a President is eligible to succeed himself, he is virtually certain to get the nomination, and his party is quite unable to build any pre-convention suspense. In the present instance, everyone knows that the delegates at Atlantic City would pour into the aisles for Mr. Johnson even if a tidal wave were sweeping over the boardwalk. How then are they to compete in showmanship with the Republicans, who can entertain the public with rabbit punches and biting in the clinches?

The remedy is obvious — the Democrats must rely on their second lead. Who will be Mr. Johnson's running mate? The trial balloons are going up all over the land. Perhaps least relevant was Mr. Gallup's poll of the Democratic rank and file, in which Robert Kennedy's name led all the rest. The rank and file don't choose the V.P.; the head of the ticket does that. He may consult the oracles and auspices, he will usually solicit the advice of regional leaders (he will get it in any case), but in the end what he says goes.

Almost the only conspicuous Democrat who is completely out of the running at this juncture is Bobby Baker. The President himself sent up the first balloon when, in the hearing of reporters, he lauded Sargent Shriver as his "brilliant" confidant. The first balloon to rise on its bagful of hot air is often the one which collapses first; still, something can be said for Mr. Shriver. He is the right age (forty-eight), married to a Kennedy (the next best thing to being one), his Catholicism would balance Mr. Johnson's Protestantism, he is the head of the Peace Corps and hence projects an idealistic image. Of course, if the closest possible identification with the Kennedy name is to be the criterion, Robert should be the choice. His Catholicism is also of the first quality and though Mr. Johnson and he have always been poison to each other, that would be waived on both sides if the election seemed to hinge on it. If the election hinged on it, Mr. Johnson would run with Beelzebub, and so would any other Democrat, Republican or Prohibitionist.

Also mentioned are Hubert Humphrey (almost hopeless, since he has nothing to offer except that he is far and away the ablest of the aspirants), Adlai Stevenson, the choice of "independent" voters by force of habit, Senator Edward Kennedy (those who favor him don't seem to realize he isn't old enough to be President, and hence not old enough to be Vice President) and Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, whose inclusion shows that chivalry is not dead. And others, to a total of about a score. What a change from the day when John Nance Garner declared, with his usual elegance, that the Vice Presidency wasn't worth "a pitcher of warm spit"! Now, for the Democrats, it's worth almost as much as the Presidency.

by Jaf



The Sick Elephant

One almost begins to feel sorry for the Central Intelligence Agency. It would seem that an agency which spends about $750 million a year, a good deal of it in and around Washington, should have friends in the capital, including a few newsmen. Not so: the press, almost to a man, seems to detest the CIA. It is almost as if the press, weary of baiting the Communists, had turned on the very agency which has claimed to be in the front line against the Red menace.

Such unpopularity must be deserved. One might discount James R. Newman's philippic in *The Washington Post*; Mr. Newman, after all is only a scholar. But Mr. Newman's venom is exceeded by that of Henry J. Taylor, who not only writes a column for Scripps-Howard but who has also been an ambassador and knows the diplomatic service from the inside. Beginning with a good word for the FBI, whose few agents in embassies abroad are said to be well-behaved, Mr. Taylor refers to the CIA as an "overblown agency," a "sick elephant" that "frequently occupies an entire floor or more in an embassy and several separate buildings, plus its auxiliary installations," ranging from small apartments used as letter drops to country estates. For all its unaudited billions, however, it is said to be no match for its Soviet counterparts.

Unaudited billions? But haven't we been told that a "watchdog committee" of the Congress stringently supervises the CIA's activities? We have been so told, sure enough, but the information has been about as sound as the CIA's findings in, say, Cuba or Panama. The House Armed Services Committee does maintain a subcommittee which is supposed to oversee the CIA once a month, but it turns out that in 1963 the subcommittee met only five times. "These meetings with CIA Director John McCone," Rep. L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.) explains, "are difficult to prepare. Guards have to come. Agents take two hours or more to search the hearing room." Two other watchdog committees apparently encounter similar insuperable dif-

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ficulties. One, connected with the House Appropriations Committee, refuses to say how often it meets; a Senate subcommittee manages to get together from two to six times a year.

For the past ten years Rep. Clement J. Zablocki (D., Wis.) has been urging the Congress to create a joint subcommittee on intelligence matters which would really keep an eye on the CIA. He is still trying. Perhaps something could be done if, besides Henry J. Taylor, ex-ambassador Earl E. T. Smith (Cuba) and Henry Cabot Lodge (now in South Vietnam) were called to testify. Ex-ambassador Joseph Farland (Panama) might also have something to contribute. The "sick elephant" needs surgery, and it should not be further delayed.

The Heart of the Matter

The Bobby Baker inquiry is full of spicy detail which is getting a good play in the press. Examples are the lavender wall-to-wall carpeting in the $28,000 cooperative town house which Mr. Baker obtained for his secretary and another young woman, and the testimony of Don B. Reynolds, the insurance agent in the case, that he kept an apartment as an "accommodation" for such officers of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, a major client, as might wish a respite from "the drudgery of marital life." The public must be entertained, and this stuff, if less frank, is as good as "Fanny Hill." But it is off the point.

The real issue is that, from the lowliest freshman Senator right up to Lyndon B. Johnson—and especially Lyndon B. Johnson!—almost everyone must have guessed what Baker was up to. There may have been a few individuals who, by reason of impairment of the senses or preoccupation, were genuinely unaware of the capital's wheeling and dealing, but the great majority knew and didn't care, or felt helpless to intervene. There was nothing so unusual about Baker's methods as to make them difficult to spot. The same sort of thing happens in many a corporation, and in mayors' and governors' offices across the land. The principal reason for the present scandal is that, in the year preceding a Presidential election, somebody squealed, and Baker had to go.

How, then, do we proceed from here? News of this sort gets around the world fast and mocks our self-righteousness. The outcome can only be the loss of whatever prestige and respect we still possess (and it will not be checked by the recent soothing remarks of Dwight Eisenhower, who as President was a notably complacent recipient of gifts and who is now indulgent toward their bestowal on others).

A nation cannot be better than its deliberative body; ours is in a bad way. The Senate endured Joe McCarthy for a long time, until McCarthyism became so menacing, both to the members of the Senate and to the nation as a whole, that the Senate took action. The Congress must set standards for its members as high as those that are applied to the Judiciary and the Executive branch. It must enforce those standards. Honest members can no longer afford to indulge those who cut corners, or the conclusion will be drawn that all members cut corners.

Astronaut's Progress

COUNTDOWN in OHIO . . . . . Richard L. Maher

Cleveland

On January 17, John H. Glenn, Jr., the first American to orbit the earth in space, announced at a Hollywood-style press conference at Columbus, capital of Ohio, that he would seek Democratic nomination for the United States Senate.

Glenn will seek the seat now held by the seventy-four-year-old veteran of Buckeye politics, Stephen M. Young, who began running for office fifty-two years ago, ten years before John Glenn was born. Young is completing his first term in the Senate and is seeking re-election.

Ohio Democrats are being asked to buy a "pig in a poke" candidate. As television cameras focused on him, Glenn flashed an engaging smile and told the scores of newsmen, radio and television folks that he could not answer their questions on issues and politics since he is still a member of the Marine Corps — he holds a lieutenant colonel's rating—and hence cannot discuss politics.

Where does he stand on civil rights? On a tax cut? On federal aid to education? On Medicare? On foreign aid? On Cuba? On Panama? On the sale of wheat to Russia? On a hundred other issues and problems that face national legislators?

No one but Glenn knows at the moment—if he knows.

In the weeks since he formally became a candidate, Glenn has parried questions with: "Please understand that I am unable to make any comment. . . . It's just that I am unable at this time."

Glenn was asked at his initial press conference if he had voted for a majority of Democrats in the November, 1962, election. Under Ohio law, a voter determines his party affiliation by the way he votes in a general election; i.e., if he favored a majority of Republicans in the 1962 election, he is supposed to ask for a Republican ballot in the May, 1964, Republican primaries. And if he voted for a majority of Democrats, then he should vote in the Democratic primaries this coming May.

The astronaut turned politician declined to answer even that question. A few hours later, however, he signed petitions declaring his candidacy and on these he had to swear

Richard L. Maher is Politics Editor of the Cleveland Press. *With Robert S. Allen, he is author of* Our Fair City *and* Our Sovereign State *(both Vanguard Press).*

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that he did support a majority of Democrats.

Is Glenn a Democrat?

He said he "chose" the Democratic Party. "The party affiliation I have chosen is a natural one, since my mother and dad have been lifelong Democrats. But quite aside from these family ties, careful consideration leads me to the choice of the Democratic Party."

Old party pros in Ohio shake their heads. You don't just choose your party, they say. You determine your party by the way you vote.

Glenn says he believes President Lyndon B. Johnson has presented a program that a majority of Americans can support . . . and that as a Senator he would hope to help the President achieve his objectives. Does that mean that he will be a "down the line" Johnson man, as Stephen Young has been? Glenn merely smiles, then ducks behind his marine uniform.

The astronaut once described himself as a man somewhere between a conservative liberal and a liberal conservative. What does that mean? "I have opinions and you will definitely hear about them in the campaign," he answers newsmen.

In early January, Glenn wasn't so sure that he was a Democrat. He twice met for long periods with Ray C. Bliss, Ohio's canny Republican chairman. Bliss wanted him on the Republican ticket—but not for Senator. The GOP chief suggested that he run in the 15th Ohio Congressional District, an area in southeastern Ohio which has elected only two Democrats to Congress since the Civil War.

At the moment, one of those Democrats, Robert T. Secrest, sits in Congress and appears in very strong position for another term. Bliss was pretty sure he could beat Secrest with Glenn. Glenn's home is in New Concord, a tiny college town that lies in the 15th District.

After the astronaut leapt into the Democratic Senate fight, Bliss intimated to friends he had not bid high enough for Glenn's services. He inferred that had he offered Glenn the Senate nomination, the spaceman would have decided to be a Republican. But this would have meant ditching Robert Taft, Jr.—and the Ohio Republicans are bound to young Taft, whose father served in the Senate from 1939 until his death in 1953.

If Glenn is a Democrat, he has never indicated it by voting in a party primary. During his twenty-two years in the armed services—he left college in his junior year to enter the naval air training school—he has maintained his residence in New Concord. He voted up to and including 1962, but never once asked for a primary ballot. He did vote once on the same day that a primary election was held, but he took only an issues ballot. On that ballot was a bond issue for a new high school that was named for him. He carefully avoided asking for or taking a primary ballot.

Is John Glenn a Democrat? Stephen Young, the veteran political figure he seeks to send into oblivion, says Glenn voted for Richard M. Nixon in 1960. Glenn doesn't answer that one. The reason: He's still in the marines.

Despite John Glenn's questionable party affiliations, despite his failure thus far to disclose his opinions on any issue, many Ohio Democrats are willing to accept him. Even some of the pros will take him sight unseen. They are afraid Young can't win again. He rode into the Senate in 1958 on a wave of anti-right-to-work votes, defeating John W. Bricker, whom many thought could not be defeated. But there are those in the party who fear that he could not beat Robert Taft; and thus this Senate seat would be lost to the Democrats for years. Much of the professional Glenn sentiment comes from the small counties or counties where the Democratic vote, so far as the primary is concerned, is low.

Nevertheless, the swing to Glenn alarms Ohio Democratic leaders. It was so strong that when the party met in its first—and probably last—pre-primary convention in Columbus on January 20, the Glenn forces outmaneuvered the Young

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people, blocked an endorsement of Young, and nearly reduced the convention to a riot.

One outstanding feature of the convention was overlooked by many on the Glenn side and even by the Young people. The big Cuyahoga County delegation (Cleveland) stood firmly for Young. Twenty-two per cent of the Democratic primary vote normally comes from the Cleveland area.

What's behind this turmoil in Buckeye Democratic politics? Most pros around the state put the finger on Robert F. Kennedy. It is rumored that the Attorney General does not like Young, even though there has been no stronger supporter of the Kennedy administration policies in the Senate than the spunky, peppery Ohioan.

Young is the frankest politician to tread the political boards around Ohio in many years. His letters to critics are quoted all over the state. They are in the vein of this one to a constituent who disagreed with the Senator. "Dear Sir," wrote Young, "You are a liar."

Robert Kennedy's enmity is said to go back to pre-convention 1960. Young, a delegate to the Democratic convention, bluntly announced that he would cast his first ballot vote for John Kennedy and then would switch to "my friend, Lyndon Johnson." Young, of course, never got a chance to cast a second vote, for John Kennedy won on the first ballot. He became a Kennedy man and in 1960, at seventy, he stumped the state for him. But the late President's brother was offended by the earlier frankness.

Young is therefore counting on "my friend, Lyndon Johnson," to help him.

But it now appears that the Glenn strength has scared even Johnson. Weeks ago, Young had been given assurances that the President would enter the Ohio Presidential primaries to be held May 5. A slate of delegates to the national convention was to be named, with Johnson as first choice for President and Young as second choice. Ohio law requires that delegate candidates indicate a first and second choice.

Democratic state central committeemen had met and agreed to the Johnson-Young ticket. Young had been assured by the White House that he would have the final word on those who go on the slate.

But after the pre-convention debacle, the White House let it be known that Johnson would not enter the Ohio primaries. The reason given was the early filing date, February 5. It was said that, should the President enter and speak, he would be faced with a Republican demand for equal radio and television time.

Practical-minded Democrats, however, view this as a run-out on Young.

So in May, Ohioans who want to vote their preference for President in the Democratic primaries can vote only for Albert S. Porter, Cuyahoga County engineer and Democratic chairman, the favorite-son candidate. Porter is for Johnson; his slate of delegates, a compromise agreement between Young and Glenn forces, will be pledged to support Johnson at Atlantic City next August. Glenn will go to that convention as a delegate, as will Young — Young at large, Glenn from the 15th District.

Young is the top official on the Ohio primary ballot this year — there is no election for governor — and would have been the logical choice for favorite son. However, the Glenn forces said they would fight Young on this front, too.

Congressman Wayne Hays, from the 18th District, a mining area southeast of Columbus, is Glenn's political mentor. He wanted Glenn to run because he doesn't like Young—he once said that both of Ohio's Senators, Young and Frank J. Lausche, would be overpaid at $5,000 a year. Hays also wants to be the Democratic boss of Ohio. He has been talking Glenn-for-Senator for months. He advised the astronaut against running for a Congressional seat, either at large or in the 15th District. It was he who scared the Administration out of filing President Johnson in the Ohio primaries.

If Glenn can win the nomination, Hays will be the top Democrat in Ohio (so he figures), for he will have Glenn's ear. He can name the state chairman; he can name the national committeeman.

One reason why Young fared so badly in the pre-primary convention was that Hays was wheeling and dealing. He lined up John Wiethe, the powerful Cincinnati Democratic boss, by dangling before him the state chairmanship. He used his own Congressional aide, Don Gosney, party chief in rural Columbiana County, to start a Glenn bandwagon movement. For this Gosney is due to become national committeeman.

Hays convinced Robert Kennedy to put the final nudge on Glenn to get him into the race. And Hays doesn't mind letting folks know that he is the power behind Glenn. At this point, it looks as though Glenn will have as much control of his campaign as he had of his space capsule on those fast trips around the earth.

Dubious Role of AFL-CIO

Meddling in Latin America . . . . . Stanley Meisler

The Alliance for Progress, whatever it signifies for Latin America, has meant for American labor an alliance with government and big business. American labor has never minced words about the unions of the Soviet Union. "The so-called trade unions in the USSR," the AFL-CIO Executive Council has proclaimed, "are nothing but agencies of the Communist dictatorship." The implication, sharp and clear, has always been: Unions of America are anything but agencies of government and big business. That has been a pride of American labor, but the new alliance raises questions that may make that pride ring a bit hollow.

British Guiana is a good place to begin. American Government, business and labor have never been

Stanley Meisler is a Washington newsman.

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happy with the leftist administration of Cheddi Jagan that took office after the August, 1961, elections in the British colony. American woes and worries have multiplied with the approach of independence. The AFL-CIO boasts of its part in helping the trade unions there battle the Jagan government. "In British Guiana," said a recent union advertisement, "the AFL-CIO has rendered generous aid to the free trade unions resisting the attempt of the pro-Communist Jagan regime to destroy their independence." On the surface, American labor has moved into British Guiana to help brother unions fight communism. But the situation in British Guiana is far more complicated than that, and its "generous aid" has involved the AFL-CIO in racial and political strife. In addition, not all the aid given by the AFL-CIO has come from the labor treasury. In British Guiana, as elsewhere in Latin America, the AFL-CIO has operated with money supplied by the United States Government and big business. It is no secret: the AFL-CIO glows about its partnership with government and business in fighting communism in this hemisphere. Anyone expressing concern about the notion of an American labor movement becoming tangled in the purse strings of government and industry is poohpoohed as a silly left-winger.

To the United States, Jagan's Guiana looks like a budding twin of Castro's Cuba. In 1961, Jagan's People's Progressive Party (PPP), supported mostly by the colony's 269,000 East Indians, took 42.7 per cent of the vote and twenty of the thirty-five seats in the legislature. Forbes Burnham's People's National Congress (PNC), supported mostly by the 187,000 Negroes, took 41 per cent of the vote and eleven seats. Peter D'Aguiar's United Force, supported mostly by businessmen, the 66,000 Portuguese and other mixed racial groups, took 16 per cent of the vote and four seats. Since then, American money has been shipped into the colony in support of the two opposition parties.

D'Aguiar's United Force has received money from radical Right organizations. Fred Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, which is now appealing for more money to fight Jagan, channels funds to D'Aguiar. The AFL-CIO has pumped its funds into the Guianese trade unions, largely Negro and urban, which are the backbone of Burnham's PNC.

In addition, the AFL-CIO and the international organizations under its influence have sent representatives into the colony to train the Guianese in American-style unionism, and have selected more than a dozen anti-Jagan union leaders for more intensive schooling in the United States. Much of this education program has been managed by the American Institute for Free Labor Development, an enterprise run by the AFL-CIO, partly with its own funds but principally with money made available by the Alliance for Progress and private enterprise. The institute has become an important arm of AFL-CIO operations in Latin America.

The strategy of Burnham and his union supporters has been to demand that Britain delay independence until there is a new election based on proportional representation, which would give Burnham almost the same number of seats in the legislature as Jagan and, possibly, the premiership or a partnership with Jagan. Jagan's strategy has been to oppose proportional representation and to break the unions. Last April, when Jagan's party tried to push through legislation that in the view of his opponents would give him control over the unions, the British Guiana Trade Union Council called a general strike. This strike, supported by the AFL-CIO, lasted eleven violent, murderous weeks and turned into a succession of race riots between Negroes and Indians. The end seemed a union victory: Jagan withdrew his legislation, and the British decided to delay independence.

In June, Jagan wrote a letter to *The New York Times*, giving his view of the events:

> *Considerable evidence exists that the strike is not industrial but rather politically inspired by the opposition and by business elements opposed to the government's program of social and economic reform. . . . Local trade unionists known to be hostile to the government — and none others — have been trained by the American Institute for Free Labor Development to overthrow my government. Serafino Romualdi, head of the Institute, has described his opposition to my government. The Trade Union Council campaign of passive resistance organized by U.S.-trained unionists is openly supported by the opposition parties and has led to racial violence.*

A month later, Jagan amplified these charges, telling the Associated Press that the American Institute for Free Labor Development had given the Trade Union Council $2 million for a housing scheme and that other sources had contributed $1.2 million to the trade unions of British Guiana during the strike.

Romualdi, in a statement, replied that when he had last visited British Guiana in April, 1962

> *. . . it appeared to me that young democratic trade union leaders would need intensive training to combat Dr. Jagan's efforts. Subsequently, eight Guianese came to Washington in June, 1962, as participants in the institute's first course. In September of that year, six of these men returned to British Guiana, supported by AIFLD internships, enabling them to put into practice, on a full-time basis, what they had learned at our school. . . . When the BGTUC decided to call a general strike in an attempt to prevent passage of Dr. Jagan's labor bill, I was asked to put the institute's six interns, who were working with various local unions, at the disposal of the council's strike committee. . . . In agreement with the institute's Secretary-Treasurer, Joseph A. Beirne, I instructed the interns to fully devote their efforts to supporting the strike, and extended their internships, which were scheduled to end on June 15, to August 15. . . . I would like to say that I am proud of our graduates in British Guiana. In spite of sacrifices and hardships they kept their places in the front lines of a difficult and, unfortunately, sometimes bloody battle.*

The institute said that while it discussed possible housing aid it never gave the BGTUC $2 million for a housing project or contributed $1.2 million to the strike coffers. Other U.S. labor sources, while agreeing that the institute did not make the contribution, say that the $1.2 million figure probably does not exaggerate the amount of American labor money that went into British Guiana during the strike.

The British Guiana strike and the charges of Jagan first drew wide notice to the American Institute for Free Labor Development. Today, the institute has become a main way for the AFL-CIO to carry out its Latin American good works,

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and it may become the model for AFL-CIO activities in other parts of the underdeveloped world. Its rapid development is an interesting story of present-day unionism.

Joseph A. Beirne, president of the Communications Workers of America, sold the idea of the institute to the AFL-CIO. In 1957, his union had invited sixteen Latin American communications workers to the CWA's education center at Front Royal, Va., for a three-month course in American-style unionism. When the Latins returned home, the Postal, Telephone and Telegraph International—the organization that links the CWA with other communications unions in the world—paid them salaries for nine months so that they could work as full-time unionists. In 1960, Beirne convinced the AFL-CIO council that it should expand this experiment into an ambitious program. By October, 1961, the institute was functioning, and Serafino Romualdi, for years the AFL-CIO's Inter-American representative, was named director.

The institute does not publish full financial details, but it is known that its 1963 budget was for $1,141,509. The institute says this income came from three sources: $500,000 or so from government, $300,000 or so from the AFL-CIO, and $300,000 or so from foundations and business. All the government funds, according to the institute, came from the Alliance for Progress program. The institute is also close-mouthed about its private donors and the size of their contributions. But representatives from W. R. Grace & Co., Pan American Airways, the Anaconda Company, and the Rockefeller Foundation are on the board of trustees, and the institute offers their names when asked for a sampling of contributors. The United Fruit Co., symbol of imperialistic big business to many Central Americans, is not a supporter, but the institute has said that it would accept United Fruit money if it were offered.

Big business has backed the institute for reasons of enlightened selfishness. The days of economic imperialism seem numbered in Latin America; Castroism and communism loom. The AFL-CIO has convinced the businessmen that their only hope of surviving—though less arrogantly than of old—lies in a powerful, free, anti-Communist trade-union movement that protects the worker and siphons away his discontent. The companies, of course, proclaim more lofty motives. "We are very much in sympathy with the stated aims of the American Institute for Free Labor Development," says Julian L. Hayes, publicity manager for The Anaconda Company, which has extensive copper interests in Chile. "I am sure Mr. Serafino Roumaldi is fighting for what he believes to be the rights of the laboring man in free societies. In free societies, there are rights for the expressions of organized labor and equal opportunities for management to be heard . . . under law. Under a monolithic system, there is no freedom. We believe in freedom and the dignity of man."

The institute has two main activities—social projects and education. The social projects department, headed by William C. Doherty, Jr., has mushroomed into a prosperous agency of the Alliance for Progress. Although the financial arrangements are cloudy, it seems that the institute sets aside only government funds for the social projects department. Much of its work, in fact, is under direct contract with the Agency for International Development.

Doherty's department helps unions throughout Latin America to plan housing projects, worker co-ops, credit unions, banks, apprentice schools and other union projects, and to borrow in the United States the money necessary to build them. In the first fourteen months, the department received requests for help on 107 union projects. It has not had the time or resources to take care of all these requests, but during the period it did help Latin American unions obtain $13 million in AFL-CIO loans for housing in Mexico, Peru and El Salvador. Up to now, offices have been open only in Colombia, Peru and Chile, but the department plans to open more this year in Argentina, Bolivia, Mexico, Jamaica, Venezuela, Uruguay, Ecuador and El Salvador.

The housing loan to Mexico, probably the department's most important project so far, illustrates how

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this activity of the American Institute for Free Labor Development works. The institute and the Graphic Arts Workers Union of Mexico drew plans for a $14 million housing project of ninety-seven buildings, containing 3,000 two- and three-bedroom apartments, at Colonia Jardin Balbuena in the center of Mexico City. The average price for an apartment would be $3,300, with monthly payments ranging from $22 to $48. The AFL-CIO used its reserve funds to lend $10 million to the Mexican union as soon as the AID agreed to guarantee full repayment of the loan in dollars. Construction began last December and is scheduled to be finished in August — all under the management of the institute's social projects department. When finished, the homes will be known as the "John F. Kennedy Memorial Workers' Housing Project."

Despite the impressive scale of such projects, however, education is the main business of the institute. Since opening in June, 1962, its Washington school has trained 181 labor leaders from thirty-one Latin American nations and colonies. The interns usually receive a stipend when they return home so that they can devote themselves full time to unionism for at least nine months. In addition, the institute has set up schools or traveling instructor programs in eleven countries, and has trained more than 1,800 labor leaders on the spot. The Washington course covers United States political structure, the economics of underdevelopment, the history of the AFL-CIO, collective bargaining procedures, organizing methods, union finances, communism, dictatorship, Latin American militarism, consumer cooperatives, the history of the international labor movement, and analyses of labor movements in various nations.

The institute insists that no attempt is made to propagandize the Latin Americans. One graduate, José Dolores Bautista of the Dominican Republic, has answered charges of brainwashing by saying: "I am very happy to be brainwashed in the free, friendly and comradely manner in which we are being brainwashed at the institute."

With Latin America so volatile, it would be difficult for the institute to stay clear of politics, even if it wanted to. British Guiana is one country where the institute became enmeshed in politics; Honduras is another. The military overthrow of the government of President Ramon Villeda Morales forced the institute into some definite political decisions, but its presence had been felt earlier in Honduras. Two graduates, Andres Victor Antiles and Santiago Pineda Puerto, wrested control of the Standard Fruit Company Workers Union from the Communists last August. About the same time, builders finished the first ten homes of a 102-house union project financed by AID and handled by the institute. In October, when the military junta took power, the institute found that some union leaders wanted to call a general strike against the new government. An institute official says that "Institute personnel urged union leaders to hold back a general strike on the basis that the Honduran Government at that point appeared to be determined to meet any opposition with extreme measures." The institute, on the ground of the workers' needs, also tried to persuade AID to continue the housing project, despite the State Department's decision to suspend all economic aid programs to the new government. AID did not listen to the institute, but, when the United States finally recognized the military government, the housing project was the first AID program to be resumed. The military government, however, did not seem to appreciate the institute's efforts. It closed down an AID-institute training school in Tela and, according to the institute, seized some of the study materials and burnt them as "Communist."

The institute is not often scorned as "Communist." Its anti-Communist rigidity and its ties with American capital have caused it far more difficulty in Latin America. The Catholic trade union movement, for one, will have nothing to do with it. One institute spokesman admits that ties with big business "hurt us at the start, but it's coming to be accepted more and more."

Nothing in the institute's operations has provoked any evident concern at the White House or the State Department. The AFL-CIO has received only lavish praise for its efforts in Latin America. John F. Kennedy told the AFL-CIO convention last fall: "I want to express my appreciation for the actions which this organization has taken under the leadership of Mr. Meany, both at home and abroad, to strengthen the United States, to make it possible in this hemisphere for labor organizations to be organized so that wealth can be more fairly distributed." President Johnson, in his December 16 letter to Assistant Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann, said "I want you to work closely with private United States groups and institutions carrying out activities in Latin America." He then listed several groups. The AFL-CIO topped the list.

The word in Washington is that George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO and of the American Institute for Free Labor Development, is prouder of the institute than of any other international operation of American labor. Without doubt, the institute's activities and directions clearly reflect the philosophy of Meany and of his closest adviser on international affairs, Jay Lovestone. Meany told the Chicago Executives Club last year:

> *We have come a long way from the days of banana republics, when American companies . . . made their deals with local tyrants, without regard to the welfare of the population. Mr. [J. Peter] Grace [president of W. R. Grace & Co. and chairman of the institute's board] and others like him are well aware that the choice today is between democracy and Castroism; and that if democracy is to win, it must meet the needs and the desires of the people, starting with a higher standard of living. . . . While unions and management may quarrel over the terms of a contract, while the AFL-CIO and business spokesmen may be deeply divided on a wide range of domestic issues, from fiscal policy to federal housing, they should stand together in the great struggle of our times, the struggle that will determine the future and perhaps the survival of mankind.*

Words like these are what have drawn big business to Meany's institute. Henry S. Woodbridge, board chairman of the True Temper Corporation and a trustee of the institute, says "U.S. business support of the institute is directly due to George Meany's feeling, which he has expressed many times, that without free labor you cannot have free enterprise, and without free enterprise you cannot have free labor."

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It is not difficult to see the imprint of Jay Lovestone, the AFL-CIO's international affairs director, on the operations of the institute, particularly in its fervent anti-Jaganism in British Guiana. Lovestone, once leader of the Communist Party in the United States, long ago transformed himself into one of the most rabid anti-Communists within the labor movement. Meany's closeness to Lovestone has been a powerful irritant to Walter Reuther, the AFL-CIO vice president who headed the CIO before the merger, and to his brother, Victor Reuther, international affairs director of the United Auto Workers. *The New York Times*, after identifying the Reuthers as Lovestone's opposition, had this to say about Lovestone recently: "To his enemies, Mr. Lovestone is a sinister figure, who, they say, has soured the relationships between the AFL-CIO and other free world trade unions by unnecessary intrigue and bitter feuding. They say that the single-mindedness of his anti-communism has put him in essentially a negative position that has made it impossible for him to work out positive programs that really would counter the Communists."

The Reuthers are said to have three main objections to the institute's operations. They feel that it has no business engaging in Central Intelligence Agency-type activities, that it hurts American labor by its rigid anti-Communist policies, and that it has no right to commit American labor to Anaconda and Grace and other giants of American economic imperialism. But the Reuthers are unwilling to endanger the CIO's merger with the AFL by making an issue out of the institute. They have said nothing publicly about their misgivings and Walter Reuther is a member of the institute's board of trustees.

The refusal of the Reuthers to make this a public issue has meant that no one so far has raised any questions about the way the institute has shaped its course. The silence is unfortunate, for pertinent questions need to be asked.

First, is it the business of the AFL-CIO to overthrow governments? Does the United States Government really want the AFL-CIO to serve as a junior CIA? American labor takes on such functions when it enters a British colony in aid of an opposition party trying to bring down the government. Senator Wayne Morse bellowed long and loud at American business firms for their part in the overthrow of President Juan Bosch of the Dominican Republic. "We cannot justify at any time any intermingling, intervention, muddling or meddling on the part of American businessmen abroad with American foreign policy," Morse told the Senate. It might seem that meddling by labor — even by labor mixed up with business and government — is as deplorable.

Second, can American labor really do a job in Latin America when it links itself in the minds of the peoples there with our government and business? In 1959, the University of Chicago's Research Center in Economic Development and Cultural Change, reporting to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on ways American labor can help U.S. foreign policy, wrote that "in the light of historical experience, any suspicion that U.S. union activity is under the control or influence of the State Department or other official authorities would be disastrous." The report also recommended that financial assistance to unions should originate exclusively with workers' organizations. "We cannot advocate that trade unionism be independent of governments elsewhere, and at the same time blur the distinction between U.S. labor and U.S. Government."

It is hard, too, to believe that Latin Americans will trust an American labor movement that works hand in glove with organizations like Anaconda and Grace. In fact, any Latin American labor organization that accepts institute assistance may make itself easy prey for the Communists. "How far can or should a U.S. firm go in encouraging anti-Communist but free unions?" the University of Chicago report asked. "This is obviously a most delicate issue. Clearly any substantial and open support on the part of the company would turn the union into a company-dominated 'yellow' union and, at the same time, in the sociological climate of Latin America, make such an organization an easy target for Communist and possibly nationalist propaganda."

Parker

Cheddi Jagan

The whole operation of the institute lays it open to Communist charges that it is doing the bidding of the U.S. Government and of big business, and a campaign like the one in British Guiana makes the charges very easy to accept.

Third, has the AFL-CIO made intelligent decisions about whom to support or reject? Has communism really suffered setbacks under the onslaught of the AFL-CIO? It seems inevitable, for example, that Cheddi Jagan will rule an independent Guiana some day, for no other reason than the fact that the East Indian population is increasing at a faster rate than the Negro [see "British Guiana: Prelude to Independence" by T. E. M. McKitterick, *The Nation*, Sept. 28, 1963]. In addition, despite the general strike and the AFL-CIO money, his followers are making inroads in the trade unions.

And even if the AFL-CIO did succeed in ousting Jagan, it might have to worry as much about his probable successor, Forbes Burnham. Ved Prakash Vatuk of Colorado State University wrote in a pamphlet for the Monthly Review Press last year: "It is difficult to see where he and Jagan differ ideologically, even on the question of the desirability of 'socialism.'" This was echoed by Associated Press correspondent Robert Berrellez, who wrote from Georgetown last June: "Pointing up the prevailing theory that the country is split racially rather than politically is the fact that, fundamentally, there is little ideological difference in the platforms of Jagan and Burnham." Some political observers predict that Burnham, who once was a lieutenant of Jagan in the PPP, will return to the fold one day, and then

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where will the anti-Communist institute and its graduates be?

There is nothing wrong with American labor's using its resources and experience to help unions and workers in Latin America. There is little to criticize, in fact, in the institute's social projects program. Labor should take part in the Alliance for Progress and, with no hesitation, accept government guarantees on its loans to Latin American unions. But American labor should not play CIA and try to overthrow governments. American labor should not dilute its effectiveness by operating in Latin America on a budget that is supplied by the U.S. Government and big business. "We in the AFL-CIO," George Meany has said, "do not even try to influence the structure of the labor movements in other nations. We teach the fundamentals of union operation; but how the pieces are put together is up to the people involved." U.S. labor should live up to that boast.

Spain: Concealed Handout . . Lawrence Fernsworth

We have poured money into a non-NATO Spain, yet we cannot find out from the State Department how much. . . . It is still a top secret. . . . The American people are entitled to know every detail of the Spanish deal. . . .

What is in that agreement [to maintain the military bases for another five years] *is still unknown to the American people and to most of Congress. It is known to account for an undisclosed amount of military aid to Spain. . . . It is very difficult for me to see what purpose has been served by this agreement except another lush handout to Spain.*—Senator Wayne Morse, *during the recent foreign aid debate.*

Any attempt to assess the extent of the "lush handouts" to Spain since 1953, when the original bases agreements were signed, must be made in the context of the secrecy thus described. But enough information has come from various sources to make it clear that Spain has already received about $3 billion in aid and probably more, not counting the bases and other military and naval installations in Spain which are due to be handed over to the Franco dictatorship in fee simple and which have cost easily a billion more. As Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio told the Senate, touching this point: "We have provided economic aid to Spain in exchange for permission to build our bases there at a cost of something over a billion dollars." The major base at Zaragoza, about midway between Madrid and Barcelona, is scheduled to be handed over to Franco this year. With it go 485 miles of pipe line carrying oil from the U.S. Naval base at Rota, around the Atlantic corner from Gibraltar. Senator Young, along with Senator Morse and Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska, tried unsuccessfully in the last session to cut all projected aid to Spain by 25 per cent.

The secrecy surrounding American largess to Spain has increased, rather than relaxed, within the last two or three years. In 1961, the National Advisory Council on International and Financial Problems showed aid to Spain of $1.75 billion. Rather mysteriously, this was the last report from that source.

Senator Frank Lausche of Ohio, dissatisfied with the information on Spain provided by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of which he is a member, sent a request for more information to Defense Secretary McNamara. Mr. McNamara replied that "since 1953, the United States has provided Spain with a total of $500 million in military assistance and a total of $1.4 billion in economic aid in the form of defense support, technical assistance, Public Law 480 (agricultural commodities) and Export-Import Bank and Development Loan funds."

Although this total of $1.9 billion exceeds the figure in the council's report, it is far from telling the story. Senators Morse, Gruening and Young have not found it convincing. The available records themselves show wide gaps. One of these is the cost to the United States Treasury of 40-year development loans. Another is the write-off of commodity credits after their conversion to counterpart funds.

Development loan funds have been provided on a basis whereby the first ten years are interest free and the next thirty years call for annual interest at three-quarters of 1 per cent. The United States Government itself pays around 4 per cent to borrow the same money. A loan of $30 million on this basis, by way of example, "would cost the U.S. $22.5 million if it is ever paid," as Senator Gruening remarked. Some countries make clear to their people that such credits are "gifts." A table in the hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee showed that of $6.51 billion loaned in this way over a long period, only $790 million has been repaid.

The commodity credit write-off works as follows: The credits consist of cotton, grain and other agricultural commodities provided at low cost to the recipient country under Public Law 480. The recipient pays for these in its own currency, called counterpart funds, which is placed to the credit of the United States in local banks and is to be spent inside the country. There is nothing to prevent a country from printing as much counterpart as it needs.

Usually, as now in Spain, there is more counterpart on deposit than the American authorities know what to do with. For practical purposes it's another form of handout. In Spain, according to the latest available reports, $445 million worth of commodity credits have been written off as counterpart. This, added to the $1.9 billion reported by McNamara, brings aid to Spain up to $2.34 billion, so far as the figures are known. To this add another $100 million announced as a credit in connection with the renewed bases agreements.

But Franco has a further way of making money out of commodity credits. The House Government Operations Committee has shown

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that the Spanish Government resold cotton to textile mills at profits of from 50 to 70 per cent. How much grain and other commodities were sold at like profits has never been made public. If one calculated a 60 per cent profit on a reported $700 million in commodity credits, that would provide another $420 million.

Still another facet of the counterpart story has been the failure of the U.S. military authorities in Spain to use counterpart funds, as required by law, in payment of internal disbursements. A comptroller general's report in 1961 showed that the U.S. Military Advisory Group, instead of drawing on counterpart, used $178,000 to reimburse its own people for living and travel; $6 million in wages, mostly to Spaniards, for modernization of Spanish naval vessels, and $6.2 million (paid by the Air Force) to a government-controlled contractor for aircraft maintenance. This makes a total of $15.2 million passed out unlawfully in Spain because the Franco government obviously dislikes its own counterpart money and demands dollars instead. Such expenditures are hidden under "operations and maintenance" and do not appear in reports of military or other assistance in Spain.

Another source of hidden expenditures is the President's contingency and special funds. The contingency fund was $300 million last year. In addition, there was a $300 million "military assistance and special authority" fund which permitted the President to draw on Defense Department stocks and services in ways other than are provided by statute.

An example of the secrecy in Spanish matters insisted upon by the State-Defense complex was the hearing in the last session before the House Appropriations subcommittee on foreign aid. When chairman Otto Passman pressed Pentagon witness General Samuel K. Eaton about reports that the United States was "tying in a substantial aid program to the new bases agreement," Eaton first tried to brush him off. Failing in that, he insisted that all amounts mentioned by him be classified and left blank in the transcript. For example, in reply to a direct question, Eaton answered: "Spanish officials have stated publicly that they expect to receive $..... aid." When Passman asked, "What kind of excess stock will you give to Spain at a cost of $.....?," Eaton replied "The major items are $....." It is not very informative, but some light was cast by Senator Young in the Senate debate, when he said that Franco "tried to blackmail us for planes, weapons and equipment costing between $200 and $300 million." Passman's questioning of Eaton did draw out the fact that the Defense

Francisco Franco

Department was planning this year to deliver to Spain five T-37 aircraft.

Spain itself is sometimes the source of aid information that is classified here. Thus a recent dispatch tells of a presentation ceremony in which several HU-16B anti-submarine war planes were turned over to the Spanish Air Force. Spanish crews to operate them were trained in this country — at another considerable cost to the American taxpayers.

One of the Defense Department's arguments in support of more money for Spain is that the United States makes a big saving by training Spanish soldiers instead of putting American divisions in Spain. It says the cost of maintaining a Spanish soldier for a year is $522 as against a cost of $3,948 for an American soldier. To which snorts Senator Morse: "That is a typical Pentagon fallacious piece of propaganda."

Another point raised in Congress concerns the payment of rental for the Spanish bases. Questioned on this by Senator Lausche, Secretary McNamara replied:

> *We do not make any direct payment, in the sense of rental, to Spain. . . . We have provided military and economic assistance in accordance with bilateral military assistance and economic assistance agreements. . . . The U.S. agreed (in 1953) to support Spanish defense efforts for agreed purposes by providing military end-item assistance . . . to contribute to the aid defense of Spain and to improve the equipment of its military and naval forces.*

Spanish railroads and other public utilities have received heavy grants for both modernization and new starts. Some available figures show $14,900,000 for modernization of the Spanish national railways. The Union Electrica Madrileña received $3,900,000 for rehabilitation of its hydroelectric system. An electrical switch-gear plant received $350,000. And General Electrica Española received $1,200,000 for its power system. How much more has been contributed to these and other public utilities has not been revealed.

Spanish steel is another beneficiary in the "lush handouts." The United States spent at least $55 million on that industry, the money coming from several sources. Direct aid to the industry to June 30, 1962, has amounted to $8,413,000. Export-Import credits for this same period have amounted to $38,100,000. Since 1962, no figures have been allowed to be known. Spain has also obtained World Bank loans for steel, in large part in U.S. dollars. The World Bank does not break down its loans by industries, hence the amount for Spain's steel is not of record. The recipients of these various funds have been five big steel concerns, in each of which Spain's government has an interest.

Faced by mounting opposition to still more United States altruism in Spain, and by the prospect that the bases agreements will be terminated within a few years, Dictator Franco has begun turning to France for loans to be used in a four-year development program. By way of pump-primer in an announced $5.6 billion program, he has just negotiated a $150 million French loan for the further development of Spain's steel and other

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industries. The iron and steel output is to be raised to 4.5 million tons by 1967.

The French, unlike the Americans, provide no easy money. Commercial interest rates are charged, and there are to be reciprocal advantages for France. France has a voice and even a veto in the redistribution of loan money. One of the aspects of the program is that France is to collaborate in the installation of atomic power in Spain. At the same time, Spain has begun raising tariff barriers against the importation of steel, but with favored treatment for France.

One aspect of the four-year program is a speed-up of farm mechanization. This will benefit the big landed proprietors; it will further reduce work for the farm hands of the *latifundios* of Andalusia and Extremadura, who already are systematically held to near-starvation on the theory that chronic hunger keeps them dutiful and helps Franco make a showpiece of his "stabilized" country. The program will also drive thousands of poor tenants off their farms.

It is evident that, as missiles make the intercontinental bomber fleet obsolete, the Spanish bases are losing their strategic importance. Evidence that the whole program is petering out is the prospective handing over to Spain of the Zaragoza base and the pipe line. The big question is what will become of the major naval base at Rota, intended to be a permanent rendezvous for the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. The agreements respecting that base's future permanent use are, needless to say, exceedingly secret. Will it be a Guantanamo on the Iberian Peninsula — a source of future misunderstandings between the two countries? Spain has given a hint of its right of sovereignty over Rota by refusing to allow U.S. atomic-powered submarines to gather there. The real reason for this has not been told in this country. The fact is that not only Spain, but some members of NATO as well, object to such use. Franco is piqued because the United States has not succeeded in making Spain a regular full-time member of NATO. He says that since the atomic fleet is part of NATO, Rota is no place for it to be stationed. The objecting members of NATO say the same thing.

Franco is unlikely to "kick" the United States out of Spain, as has been suggested. The American presence there in some form or another is far too important a source of strength to Spain's neo-Nazism to make Franco or his successor wish to do that. But the answer to "What happens next?" depends on whether America's future policy toward Spain is to be dominated by the Pentagon, as now, or by the civilian authority.

A Call for Debate

The Manpower Revolution . . . .

George G. Kirstein

Few major problems in our nation's history have been more easily predictable, or more universally predicted, than the unemployment crisis which lies just ahead of us. Despite this, the unemployment rate may have to rise to 10 per cent of the work force or higher before we decide to make a national issue out of the national problem resulting from the simultaneous impacts on our society of cybernation and the population growth. It is human nature to postpone the facing of tomorrow's problems until tomorrow dawns, but it is midnight now as far as our unemployment problems are concerned. That the rate will rise to 10 per cent, or to 15 per cent or even 20 per cent is conceded by experts who extrapolate from present trends. There is agreement on the danger of the events that face us, but no consensus on what should be done to avoid a repetition of the peak joblessness of the thirties. George Meany says of automation, "There is no element of blessing in it. It is rapidly becoming a real curse to society." Other spokesmen of labor, pointing to the ever-dwindling number of workers required to produce for America's needs, forecast a gloomy future. But like other problems that man creates for himself, there are alternative courses of action which, if debated and tested, could not only avert calamity, but even hold promise of a future richer than any era we have experienced.

The facts are known, and the forecasts of the experts are available in convenient form to anyone who is willing to take the few hours necessary to read them. A Senate subcommittee, chaired by Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, held extensive hearings throughout 1963 on every aspect of our current manpower problems and our future prospects. The verbatim transcripts of these hearings are available under the title *Nation's Manpower Revolution* in seven volumes totaling 2,569 pages, published by the Government Printing Office. It is impossible to summarize the facts adduced by these extensive hearings in the scope of a magazine article. However, because there was little controversy or conflicting evidence regarding the dangers that lie just ahead, some major aspects of the problem can be set forth rather briefly.

First automation, or the more precise word cybernation, is defined as the combination of a computer which does man's planning and a machine which performs the work man wishes to have done. It is a combination that will make much of man's present labor unnecessary and irrelevant. One must keep in mind that any task or series of tasks that can be defined by man can be performed by the computer and the machine working in harmony. No matter how complex the various steps required to produce a finished product, if men can describe those steps exactly, computers can be programed to give the appropriate signals to machines which will perform the tasks precisely as desired, and with far less chance of error than if they were performed by human hands. Probably it will

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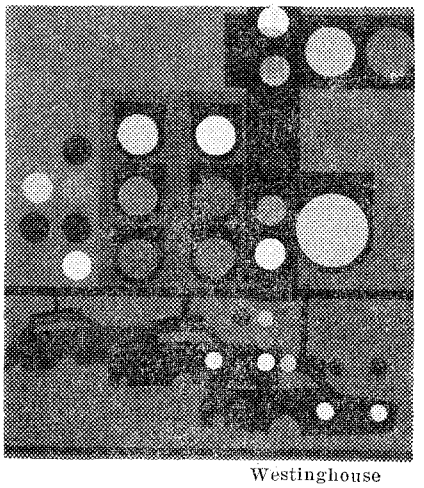
never be worth while to cybernate such jobs as cutting grass, making beds, etc. However, any repetitive task which can be described, no matter how complex the description, lends itself to cybernation.

All of us are aware of examples of displaced manpower of the type Walter Reuther cited to the committee: the engine block of a Ford car. For the old Model T, with thousands of men on the assembly line, it took three weeks to machine an engine block. In the Ford plant that was automated in 1950, each of the much more complex engine blocks can be completed without human participation in 14.6 minutes. And the problem is highlighted when one realizes that this plant's automated equipment is today completely obsolete.

But since I was familiar with this well-publicized kind of miracle, I was more interested in what one witness described as a typical shopping incident of the future. The housewife wheels her purchases to the supermarket packing counter as she does now. The cashier totals her purchases, presses a lever, and her account at any nearby bank is debited for the total. No bills, no checks, no charge accounts, no mailing, no postal delivery, no envelopes—just a finger movement by the clerk. The point is that we are only at the beginning of the development. Present obsolete computers in auto and steel manufacturing work on a cycle of 3/10 of a millionth of a second—that is every 3/10 of a millionth of a second the electronic brain can give a new instruction to the machine. The computers now on the drawing boards have a cycle 1,000 times faster — 3/10 of a billionth of a second.

It is hard for the lay imagination to grasp the scope of the revolution that such improvement in the techniques of cybernation foretells. However, we are all familiar with the agricultural revolution, and it is similar in kind, although of a lesser order. Fifty years ago, one farmer produced food for himself and six or seven others. By 1960, one person was producing food for twenty-six others. In short, 7 per cent of the population is producing food for themselves and the rest of the country. The percentage is falling steadily, so that only one out of every ten boys being raised on a farm today will do farm work when he grows up. All of us know of the expensive farm subsidies, problems of storing surplus grain, movement of population from the farms to the cities, rural poverty and the other human dislocations which have resulted from the developments reflected by these simple statistics.

Translating the kindred process of the cybernetic revolution into terms of the jobs required in the future to reduce the unemployment rate to 4 per cent and then hold it there, the experts come up with the following figures. By mid-1964 (only six months from now) we shall require 5.2 million additional jobs—1.2 million to reduce unemployment from the current rate to 4 per cent; 1.2 million to employ the projected normal annual increase in the labor force; 800,000 to employ the added workers who would be drawn back into the labor force if opportunities were available, and 2 million to absorb the workers released from their present employment by technological advances. According to the usually reliable research staff of the United Auto Workers, in the ten years of the 1960s we shall need 41 million new jobs, or 80,000 new jobs every week. Of this 80,000, 25,000 jobs are required to employ new people entering the labor force and 45,000 to give employment to those displaced by technological advances. To give some idea of the scope of this challenge, in the fifteen years between 1947 and 1962, 10 million persons were added to employment rolls, but during the same period the labor force grew by 13 million. The problem before us in terms of the 1947-62 experience is to quadruple the new job opportunities in two-thirds of the time. Small wonder that one commentator can write, "Full employment has to be discarded as a national goal."



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World of Pushbuttons

As these figures show, more than half of the coming unemployment problem will be caused by the expanding numbers of young men and women looking for their first jobs. For example, last year 1 million more people passed their sixteenth birthdays than did so in 1962. As a result of this invasion of the labor market by increasing legions of inexperienced youngsters, the unemployment rate among the sixteen-to-twenty-one-year age group is more than 13 per cent, compared to the 5.8 rate for the country as a whole. Only one out of every fourteen in our present labor force is in the sixteen-to-twenty-one-age group, but this group accounts for almost one out of every five of the unemployed.

It is not only lack of previous job experience that makes these young folks less desirable as employees; in too many cases it is lack of education as well. Of the 26 million young people entering the labor force in the decade of the 1960s, 7.5 million, or fully 29 per cent, will have left school before graduating, and of these, 2.5 million will have dropped out before completing the eighth grade. Indeed, there are at present 23 million Americans eighteen years of age and older who have completed less than eight years of schooling. The relevance of these figures to job opportunities was disclosed by a 1961 study which showed a 9 per cent unemployment rate for those who had not completed eighth grade and a 7 per cent rate for those who did not complete high school. In contrast, the unemployment rate for high school graduates was below 4 per cent and for those with some college training it was around 2 per cent. Income figures, of course, parallel job opportunities. The median income range for those with less than eight years' schooling is $2,275; $5,550 for high school graduates; $7,700 for college graduates.

Of all the groups in the community whose future job opportunities are blighted by lack of education, the Negro and other non-white citizens are particularly affected. First we handicap the Negro by providing poorer schools; then by discriminatory hiring practices we deny him

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an opportunity to use even those skills he does manage to develop. The result in terms of unemployment statistics is evidence of how adversely the system works. In an overall unemployment rate of approximately 6 per cent, the nonwhite rate is between 12 and 13 per cent. In short, the Negro rate of unemployment is twice the national average and has been for years. Negroes comprise 11 per cent of the labor force but they make up 22 per cent of the unemployed.

Before turning to the various solutions that have been suggested for these problems, it is worth asking what is a generally acceptable unemployment rate. President Johnson, like President Kennedy, seems to feel that if we could reduce unemployment to 4 per cent, we should be doing as well as could be hoped. In Scandinavia and in other European countries which are today experiencing full employment about one-half of 1 per cent of the population, from one handicap or another, is unemployable. Our own unemployment ratios have fluctuated between 1.2 per cent and 1.9 per cent in war years when maximum production plus the armed services absorbed all available manpower. These facts are included for the sake of completeness rather than for suggesting such low rates as a realistic objective. The brutal facts are that our rate is near 6 per cent, that it is rising and that it will continue to rise until it becomes unacceptably high. Then and only then, presumably, will action be taken on a sufficiently imaginative scale to reverse the trend.

Many different solutions have been offered to the problems arising out of the situation that human labor is fast becoming a surplus commodity in our, for the most part, affluent and increasingly cybernated society. Some of these are radical in the classic sense that they would require revision of most of our economic concepts. Robert Theobald, for example, testified before Senator Clark's committee along the same lines that he set forth in the special issue of *The Nation* entitled "Abundance." The burden of his carefully documented message was that pursuit of an ever-increasing number of job opportunities is a hopeless search for a dissolving mirage, and that subsistence income must be assured by constitutional guarantee to each citizen of an affluent state whether work is available to him or not. John Kenneth Galbraith, although not a witness before the Manpower Revolution subcommittee, faced the problem some years ago in *The Affluent Society*. In all too brief outline, Galbraith's Cyclically Graduated Compensation scheme provides for fairly high unemployment compensation when jobs are unavailable, and a lowered level of jobless payments when work awaits the job seeker. Unlike Theobald, Galbraith believes that, for the most part and for as far ahead as one can see, payment for man's labor will continue as the ordinary method of distributing the national income, and he suggests one sensible approach for those who are unable to participate in the economic structure.

Walter Reuther's major suggestion to the committee was for the establishment of economic planning of the general type that has proved successful in a number of European countries including Sweden and France. Other suggested devices varied all the way from a campaign to reduce the birth rate, presented by the spokesman for Planned Parenthood, to relocation schemes to thin out population in such disastrously affected areas as Appalachia. No witness voiced the idea that the cybernetic revolution should be slowed down by some kind of legislation, nor were any of the hopelessly outdated and irrelevant variations of the Luddite philosophy set forth.

The most depressing aspect of the testimony was the general consensus, expressed especially by almost all government spokesmen, that the solution to our future unemployment problems can be found in the old idea that if there could only be a greater rate of growth accompanied by more consumer demand, production would spurt forward and sufficient jobs would be created to achieve acceptably full employment. All these official spokesmen agreed on the necessity for a tax cut, in the belief that increased purchasing power would promptly touch off a spending spree and a resulting production boom. But this tried and true solution is no solution at all to the new problems posed by the combined population growth and cybernation. The very experts who espoused the increased growth, increased production, theory testified that, with the new machines hitched up to the new computers, almost any product could be made in almost infinite quantities without a human hand being involved in the process. One cannot help but conclude that the experts who cling to the theory that 4 or 5 per cent growth per year in our Gross National Product will solve all our manpower problems do not even believe their own parallel testimony on cybernetics. They cannot have it both ways. Either we are becoming a society in which cybernated factories will turn out with no human assistance all the lipsticks, chrome-plated automobiles, washing machines, etc., which have become the necessities of our culture, and therefore we must think in terms of such a greatly changed and improved society that man's minds and energies will be engaged in new tasks. Or else increased consumption in itself will somehow require men's skills to produce the wanted items. They can't be right in both of their contrasting visions.

My own view follows that of Galbraith in *The Affluent Society*: reliance on steady growth and the vomiting out of an ever-increasing volume of merchandise from our industrial cornucopia will not solve future manpower problems—for the simple reason that increased manpower will not be required for any predictable rate of production. Yet I do not feel the time is ripe for the adoption of the brilliant and radical thesis of Robert Theobald, who sees so little future need for man's labor that he proposes a new constitutional right of the individual to sustenance income regardless of whether he is able to find work or not.

All of the testimony before the Senate subcommittee exploring the Manpower Revolution agreed that in the foreseeable future, educated men would be in demand. Of course, we do not have enough schools, enough colleges, enough teachers, enough scholarships or enough program facilities to train teachers, so that we can educate all of our increasing number of young citizens to the maximum of their individual capacities. But we do have the wealth, the resources, the available manpower to create these

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facilities for our burgeoning future population if we decided to employ them toward this end.

The experts also agreed that even if schools and all the other educational facilities were available, a child returning after school to his rat-infested, race-segregated, slum tenement, lacking in even the essential comforts of living, could not derive the full benefits of even an improved educational system. Can anyone doubt that a real program to clear the slums from all our major cities and build the kind of housing of which we are easily capable is a task that would profitably occupy us for decades into the future, cybernation or no cybernation?

The experts testified that our health facilities, our hospitals, our nursing homes, our facilities for treating mental patients and our doctor training programs were all inadequate for our current needs and, of course, totally inadequate for future demands that are as predictable as tomorrow's sunrise.

Each reader can make his own catalogue of present inadequacies which will turn into tomorrow's disasters. Nor does anyone argue that the richest country in the world could not eliminate these flaws, as well as prepare adequate facilities for coming generations. The argument, rather, is whether we should do these things. No generation has the right, argue the conservatives, to plunge future generations further into debt. But who are these facilities for except future generations?

Will the youth of the future really be grateful to us for passing on to them a smaller national debt, but inadequate schools and colleges? Will tomorrow's oldsters praise our wisdom in not borrowing money to make improvements when they find the hospital and nursing-home facilities inadequate? Will future generations thank us for the polluted water supply that could have been made pure? Or for the polluted air which could have been purified? Will they forgive us our lethargy because we very nearly balanced the budget?

I am confident that any reader of the testimony placed before the Manpower subcommittee will conclude two things: first, that a manpower revolution, involving unemployment ratios that are presently undreamed of, confronts us in the near future; and second, that the obvious solutions of the problem of bringing the United States successfully into the era of cybernation would result in establishing the real golden age for our country. As one examines the compromises, the politically acceptable semi-solutions, the little nibbling trial programs that are suggested by government officials, one suspects that these dreams will not be realized. Indeed, the more one examines the solutions offered by the New Frontier, the more one recognizes the familiar limited vistas of our old back yard. And President Johnson's proposed war on poverty is of dimensions so small that it is more a political skirmish with the problems than an overt attack on them.

Gropper

The most discouraging aspect of this problem is that there is no cogent debate as to which of the various solutions would lead us nearest to our national goals. Liberals and conservatives continue their basic agreement that, somehow or another, increased demand for goods will result in increased needs for the manpower to produce them, despite clear evidence that a surplus of goods of any description can be produced by cybernation, with the eventual elimination of human labor. There also seems to be mutual unanimity of opinion that the expenditures of $55 billion a year for armaments is our only guarantee of security against the Communist menace; and this despite the fact that few of us feel more secure now than we did before these appalling expenditures were made.

One's imagination falters at the vision of all the modern schools and all the shining hospitals that could have been created by the hundreds of billions of dollars we chose instead to expend on armaments which, with luck, will never be used. Can we not now agree, or at least debate, on the proposition that, having finally achieved our objective of being able to kill everyone on this planet ten times over, we will now use comparable funds to assure the maximum opportunities for our children's future—on the as-

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sumption that they have one? Does space beckon us so irresistibly that we must all agree that billions shall be spent so a few of us can explore the heavens, at the very time our own slums remind us that our planet, although part of the solar system too, is a long, long way from heaven? Can we not afford some divergence of opinion as to whether unorthodox fiscal policies adopted to solve the easily foreseeable problems of our future are necessarily subversive? The idea may come as a shock to conservatives, but it is no less patriotic to foresee the glories which the future could hold for our country than it is to reminisce about its illustrious past.

If these solutions, painted here in the broadest outlines, were to be debated and adopted, would we not be merely putting off the evil day when man's labor will inevitably become the ultimate surplus? Perhaps so, but somehow I can accept the prospect of devising alternative methods of income distribution if in fact we have abolished poverty, if slums no longer exist, if every child is afforded the maximum opportunity to learn up to his individual capacity. Certainly such a society would be in a better position to solve the problems of surplus that man's ingenuity has created for him. While the "evil day" when man's toil is no longer needed may in fact confront some future generation, would it really be such an "evil day"? Repetitive tasks are not so rewarding as a way of life that an advanced society could not find alternative ways of fruitfully absorbing human thought, energy and activity.

The manpower revolution which is at our threshold holds the promise which I have outlined, or is the threat Mr. Meany envisages. But if it turns out to be a "curse" it will be because our generation is so enchanted with its own self-indoctrination that the alternative promise cannot be discussed. Whether we choose it or not, history has singled us out to be the first nation to explore a social order in which man's labor is no longer necessary to provide the abundant life. The solutions we must find are no less challenging — although they are diametrically opposite in kind — than those of clearing the primeval forests and making habitable the hostile wilderness.

Traffic Courts

Cash Register Justice . . . . . Leonard Scandur

The traditional American image of justice — the benign, blindfolded lady balancing the scales of evidence—is being transformed into a hard-faced harridan punching a cash register. The United States traffic courts are to blame. Thirty million traffic summonses were issued by the nation's police last year. All but a few were disposed of by cafeteria-line justice and mass pronouncements of guilty from the bench. By these means, the traffic courts became the only tribunals in the entire court system of the country to bring in more revenue than their cost of operation.

New York City's traffic courts alone rang up around $15 million in fines—very close to the estimate of anticipated revenue which the court is required to submit when the city's budget is being prepared. New York is not alone in this practice of estimating anticipated revenue from traffic courts. Collection of fines for traffic and parking violations has become a major item in municipal budgets throughout the country.

It was inevitable that the ever-swelling stream of revenue flowing into the traffic courts would bring with it abuses of the traditional concept of dispensing justice. Increasing case loads have strained facilities of traffic courts, and suddenly there is no time for the tradition that a courtroom defendant is innocent until proved guilty.

The establishment of violations bureaus has been one answer to the courts' jammed calendars. This permits a ticketed motorist to admit his guilt and pay a prescribed fine to a bureau clerk without ever having to face a judge.

Almost three-fourths of summonses for traffic and parking violations are handled this way. This procedure has practically eliminated the basic purpose of traffic courts —to educate the offending motorist and to instill in him a greater respect for the law.

An authority on traffic courts, George Warren, foresaw one evil of such cash register justice twenty years ago:

> *The effective use of these bureaus avoids badly crowding ticket dockets and permits the bench to exercise judicial considerations of the more serious traffic cases. But the use of such bureaus is to be weighed against the purpose of the traffic court — to enforce the traffic law effectively and promote safety — and when utilization of the device does not or will not promote these ends, a violations bureau is out of place.*
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> *For this reason "cafeteria court" jurisdiction should be limited to offenses against the public convenience and should not include those which involved public safety to a serious extent. It is most desirable that all traffic offenders be brought before the judge for correction as well as punitive action.*

For many citizens a summons to appear in court on a traffic charge represents their first, and in many cases their only, personal exposure to courtroom justice. Usually — too often — they are disillusioned by the experience. On his initial court appearance, the motorist has but one choice—to plead guilty or not guilty—and that, only after hours of waiting. If he chooses the not guilty plea, he must return to court another day, usually not at his convenience. He soon learns that it is easier, and cheaper, to plead guilty and pay a fine at the start. This breeds bitter motorists, not better ones.

Highly principled motorists who decide to buck cafeteria justice by insisting on a trial rarely meet a judge who is not impatiently staggering under his case load. An elderly defendant who recently came to

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a traffic court trial armed with photographs to prove his innocence of the charge against him protested to this writer the attitude of the judge. "I was treated practically like a criminal. The judge had allowed several attorneys in previous cases as much as ten minutes to argue their cases but he would not permit me the courtesy of trying to explain the circumstances or showing him the photographs I had."

In another case, a New York mother appeared for her daughter who had been charged with making an illegal turn. She explained to the court that her daughter was attending college in Texas. She had been riding with her daughter when the summons was issued and wanted to explain the circumstances. "The judge told me he wouldn't listen to me. Then he said if I didn't get my daughter to return here for a hearing on the summons he would have a warrant out for her arrest."

Then there's the plight of a man who was tagged for speeding the morning he was moving his family from New York City to a community upstate. In the confusion of moving into a new home he lost the summons. He expected to be summoned again, but when nothing happened for a year he forgot the incident. But one day the post office forwarded from his old city address a citation which warned that he would be subject to arrest if he failed to appear in traffic court.

Dutifully, he arranged to make the long trip to the city. He got on a milk train, arrived in the city about 8 A.M. and was among the first to appear when court convened at 9 A.M. The man had brought with him $50 and a return train ticket, hoping to get back to his business upstate the same afternoon. After two hours of waiting without being called, he approached a court attendant, explained his predicament, begged to have his case expedited and gave the attendant $3 for his trouble.

He was called soon, but never got a chance to explain to the judge why he had failed to answer the original summons. "$50 fine," the bench ordered. Having given the $3 tip, he could produce only $47 in cash. He searched the courtroom in vain for the attendant; his promise

Merz

to mail the balance meant nothing to the clerk at the cash register. Neither did a walletful of identification proving he owned a business upstate. He was locked in a cell, fingerprinted and slated for transfer to jail. After a couple of hours in the detention pen, he was permitted to make a phone call. A brother who lives in the city got to court with the necessary $3 minutes before he was due to enter a police van.

Besides fighting an undeserved traffic summons or a specified fine in the interest of justice, motorists today have an immediate reason for pleading not guilty. In many cases the cost of auto insurance is based on a car owner's driving record. Thus, a $5 or $10 fine in court can ultimately cost a car owner up to $100 in excess premiums. As a result, more and more not guilty pleas are being entered in traffic courts, and the situation becomes more and more unbearable for court staffs and defendants.

But it isn't only in crowded city courts that justice is compromised by cash-register procedures. Small towns have learned how to levy rich tolls on cars traveling within their borders.

Police traps have victimized transient motorists so flagrantly that the American Automobile Association now recommends detours around certain towns when mapping road directions for its members. One town in Kentucky, with a population of slightly more than 500, boasted that 80 per cent of its municipal budget was derived from fines imposed on passing motorists. And a Florida town was disenfranchised by the state for its overzealous policing of motorists visiting the Sunshine State. In Georgia last year the governor appointed a commission to study village traps that were snaring vacation-bound drivers. In one case, the investigators recommended that highway jurisdiction of a certain town be transferred from local police to the state highway patrol.

The problem of distorted traffic court justice has not gone unnoticed, and the American Bar Association is leading a national drive to improve the system. For the past several years it has sponsored traffic court conferences throughout the country. Regional traffic court judges and prosecutors attend to exchange views and recommendations. The director of this program, James P. Economos, has long been urging traffic court judges to demonstrate more dignity and less financial zeal in the conduct of their duties.

One New York City traffic judge recently gratified motorists and surprised attendants by opening his sessions with a mass pledge of allegiance to the American flag and a short lecture on the rights of a citizen in the court. This same judge insisted that policemen testifying in his court wear neckties and jackets and was chided for his punctilio.

At a meeting last December in Chicago of legislators and their representatives from seven states, Economos told his audience that traffic courts must be relieved of the "stigma" of being simply revenue courts by being staffed adequately to handle their immense burden. His recommendations of a legislative program to correct traffic court abuses included the elimination of the current requirement that traffic courts estimate anticipated revenue. Instead, he proposed that the actual revenue for the prior year be submitted for budget purposes.

Through its traffic court program, the Bar Association hopes to have the courts restate the American principle that a man is innocent until proved guilty. "Too many judges," said Economos, "proceed on the theory that a motorist is guilty of a traffic offense because a policeman has handed him a summons."

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The Necessity of Popular Science

Philip Siekevitz

As the science historian George Sarton has pointed out, science is the only human activity which can be seen to advance from one apex of knowledge to another. Consequently, the history of science is the only history which can illustrate the progress of mankind; a progress that has no definite and unambiguous meaning in other fields.

The progress of scientific knowledge is there for all to see. Indeed, it has become so glaringly visible in the last few decades that we perceive it as a nova, illuminating us by its brilliant light. Thus, we may be surprised by the many instances that de Solla Price cites in *Little Science, Big Science* to show that the increased growth rate of science began, roughly, as far back as 250 years ago. Measuring the growth of science by such criteria as the number of scientists and scientific journals, and the amount of instrumentation or inventions, de Solla Price picks 1700 as the approximate year when the dam burst and scientific endeavor began to increase at a rate similar to the one used to describe bacterial growth — not linear, but logarithmic. Present-day "big science" is not a recent phenomenon; its magnitude is the result of its being at the top of a graph which has been a straight line for two and a half centuries. Indeed, the rate of scientific growth has recently been declining, for the number of scientists in proportion to the general population is reaching a saturation point. De Solla Price's little compendium, a compilation of his George Pegram lectures, is a well-founded study of the growth of science and its meaning for the scientist and citizen of today.

Starting from an entirely different basis, that of a historical review of scientific methodology, Thomas Kuhn has reached in *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* a conclusion similar to that of de Solla Price. He also places the moment of great acceleration some two and a half centuries ago, and his astounding conclusion is that it had nothing to do with the intrinsic capabilities of individual scientists, nor with the technology or economic behavior of the milieu in which they worked. The important element was the almost off-hand invention by scientists themselves of a social entity, a living, multifaceted method of discourse, of argumentation, a way of resolving differences.

The basic element in this system Kuhn has called a "paradigm," which is defined as a book of definitions and statements (of "fact," if you will), a current dogma which all practitioners in a particular field would accept as being a summation of current knowledge. Crucially different from most dogma, this paradigm is open-ended, supple enough to leave unresolved problems for the future. As Kuhn repeatedly points out by citing instances from the history of science, the tradition that was thereby established is unlike any other tradition in that the rules it establishes provide for their overthrow. It is not frivolous of Kuhn to title some of his chapters, "The Nature and Necessity of Scientific Revolution," "Revolutions as Changes of World View," "The Invisibility of Revolutions," "The Resolution of Revolutions" and "Progress Through Revolutions."

The paradigm is not synonymous with the "scientific method" as we know it. Individual scientists have used the same method of reasoning for hundreds of years; we have no better scientists today than we had 500 years ago. But now, superimposed on the endeavors of the individual scientist, is the combination of loose laws and rigid tradition characteristic of the community of scientists. This community is united by a belief in the solidarity of its endeavor. Scientists work within the confines of a system which disseminates their knowledge, insures prompt publication of results, and acknowledges the current state of affairs in a particular field. The system allows scientists to talk and listen to one another, and dictates how arguments shall be presented and differences resolved. In other words, we enjoy today the end result of the rough and ready invention made a couple of centuries ago of a social method by which scientific knowledge can best be furthered and advanced. As Kuhn puts it, "the scientific *community* is a supremely efficient instrument for maximizing the number and precision of problems solved through paradigm change."

Paralleling the increase in scientific research is the increase in scientific books, of all kinds and natures. The latest edition of *A Guide to Science Reading* contains some 900 selections of paperbacks on all aspects of science, though of uneven content and quality. Before World War II,

Little Science, Big Science. By Derek J. de Solla Price. Columbia University Press, 1963. 119 pp. $4.50.

The Structure of Scientific Revolutions. By Thomas S. Kuhn. University of Chicago Press, 1963. 172 pp. $4.

A Guide to Science Reading. By Hilary Deason. Signet Science Library, 1963. 190 pp. 60c paper.

Life in the Universe. By Michael W. Ovenden. Anchor, 1962. 160 pp. 95c paper.

Life in the Universe. By Francis Jackson and Patrick Moore. W. W. Norton, 1962. 140 pp. $3.95.

Origin of Life. By A. I. Oparin. Dover, 1953. 270 pp. $1.75 paper.

The Nature of Life. By C. H. Waddington. Atheneum, 1962. 131 pp. $4.

The Ideas of Biology. By John Tyler Bonner. Harper & Row, 1962. 180 pp. $4.95.

Heredity and Human Life. By Hampton L. Carson. Columbia University Press, 1963. 218 pp. $5.

The Atoms Within Us. By Ernest Borek. Columbia University Press, 1962. 272 pp. $1.95 paper.

The Genetic Code. By Isaac Asimov. Orion Press, 1963. 187 pp. $3.95.

The Physics and Chemistry of Life. By the editors of *Scientific American.* Simon & Schuster, 1956. 272 pp. $1.45 paper.

Science in the Cause of Man. By Gerard Piel. Alfred A. Knopf, 1962. (Second edition.) 338 pp. $5.95.

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science writing for the general public consisted largely of reports of "wonders," "miracles," scientific success stories and melodramas. No real understanding was imparted, or even intended. After the war, the literature became more accurate and explanatory, even philosophical. Until recently, most of the titles had to do with physics, astronomy, mathematics, some chemistry and general biology. In the last few years, there has been an upsurge of books on more detailed aspects of biology because of the dramatic developments in a particular area, variously called biophysics or molecular biology, which is the employment of the tools of chemistry and physics to biology on the cellular and subcellular level.

The great difficulty in writing books on science for the public is that, in trying to aim the contents at a particular audience, the authors may make them either too erudite, overfootnoted and referenced, or so superficial and simplified as to be practically worthless. In the former instance, the authors are usually scientists who have innocently overestimated their readers' comprehension, or who grimly intend to browbeat them into erudition. By the middle of the first chapter, the average reader is completely lost in details and qualifications. At the other end of the spectrum the authors, usually science journalists, have underestimated their audiences, and brought the discussion down to a level where falsification is inevitable. The former books are usually written in the form of lectures, the latter in the form of stories.

Some authors compromise, both in tone and content, so that the theories, experiments and present-day knowledge in a particular field are presented as historical adventures. Surprisingly enough, these comprise the best books on science for the public. Scientific endeavors, scientific ideas, have a history, and the current knowledge in any sub-field of science can be narrated as a gradual and exciting disclosure of ideas arising from past mistakes and past heresies. The very nature of scientific history is dramatic.

Many scientists inveigh against the "gee-whiz" school of science writing, but these books catch the drama and excitement which many of the same scientists experience in their laboratories. Indeed, for all their simplifications and occasional inaccuracies, books like the older ones of de Kruif inspired youngsters to a lifetime of science and beckoned the laymen toward an understanding of science. As a scientist, I recoil from the errors which appear in books of this sort (errors which are multiplied in magazine articles and newspapers), but since the science "truths" of today are liable to be the errors of tomorrow, the many small inaccuracies which exist in this kind of book are not to be too bitterly deplored. What is important in a good science book for the layman is that it give him a reliable overall view of the particular field under scrutiny — how scientists work in that area, the tools they use, the ideas and concepts that turn around in their minds, and a reasonably accurate survey of current knowledge.

Several recent books which meet the above criteria touch upon various aspects of biology. Most recently, there has been a fast-growing interest, among scientists and laymen alike, in two closely related subjects: life on other worlds and the origin of life on our earth. The former theme has inspired two books with the same title, *Life in the Universe*; both explore the possibilities of life on other planets in our system, and in systems of other suns, based on present opinion as to the conditions which must be met before life as we define it can flourish. As for the birth of life on our own planet, there is no better source than Oparin's classic, *Origin of Life*, revised some ten years ago. All present ideas and concepts on this subject go back to theories first set forth in that book, still one of the most fascinating exercises of a speculative nature ever written.

C. H. Waddington's *The Nature of Life* and John Bonner's *The Ideas of Biology* are among the best of their type on general biology; both approach the subject free of those curious ideas of *"élan vital"* which marred many earlier books; both are experimentally based, and what is more, take into account many of the newer findings in biochemistry and biophysics. Both stress the "organization level" approach to biology, which sees the organism as a whole, but made up of parts, each of which within itself has a unitary character which in turn is composed of smaller units, cells. These cells have an existence of their own, but again are built up of structures interacting among themselves all the way down to the chemical level of reactions among compounds. Written within the confines of this general outline but geared more to the layman, Hampton Carson's *Heredity and Human Life* is a good recent book which concludes with an excellent general discussion on race.

Perhaps the most spectacular advances in science today are being made in biochemistry. The best general book for the layman on this subject is Borek's *The Atoms Within Us*. Not all of biochemistry is contained therein — that being almost impossible in books of this kind — but it is sure to give the reader the "feel" of the cell as biochemists know it.

Also writing in the field of biology is Asimov, the most avid practitioner of the art of writing about science for the layman. Because of his prodigious output, his books tend to be uneven; his *Wellsprings of Life* (Abelard-Shuman) was too simplified even for the layman, while *The Genetic Code* is about the only book now extant which deals with the recent findings on the chemical basis of heredity. Until a better one comes along, I would recommend it.

The Physics and Chemistry of Life, a compilation of articles which first appeared in *Scientific American*, is now available in paperback. Most of the papers are excellent, but some are perhaps too difficult for the average reader.

Since the fruits of scientific research impinge with increasing frequency on the structure and function of our society, a great number of recent books are concerned with the relationship between science and the society in which it functions. Still among the best of these latter is Piel's *Science in the Cause of Man* which has just been released in a second edition. Because science is now of national interest, Piel is primarily concerned with the relationship between individual scientists and government. The book is not profound, nor philosophical, but a lively, clear and inquisitive insight into this relationship. Rereading some chapters in Piel's book, I was struck by one paragraph related to Kuhn's ideas about the paradigm. Piel says:

> *Whenever they have taken root, the two movements of science and democracy have sustained each other by their close correspondence in motive and objective. As democracy substitutes persuasion for force in the relations of men, so science establishes observation and reason*

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in the place of authority at the foundation of knowledge. In democracy, the government is open at all times to change and improvement by the governed. In science, every hypothesis is provisional, every finding tentative, and no work lays claim on final truth. Science and democracy are open-ended; they lay no limits to human knowledge and experience. The autocrat and dogmatist are enemies of both.

I would add, as a corollary, that just as science is based on the "paradigm" subject to change, so is our democracy based on the Common Law, subject to constant reinterpretation. Furthermore, because of the nature of its structure, it is no accident that the scientific community is the example, par excellence, of a truly international group of men. In the age of "peaceful coexistence," statesmen could do no better than to study the structure of this community and the machinery which has evolved to reconcile different positions through the acknowledgment of tentative conclusions.

Unfortunately, there is a bleaker side to the picture. Ideally, science and democracy complement each other, but recent technological developments have endangered the very basis of democracy. No longer can each of us decide what answers we should give to public questions that become increasingly "technical." We call in "experts," not only to inform us, but to make our decisions for us. As even political questions become more and more specialized, based on answers sought by scientific methods, we as voters are turning into faded shadows, carrying no weight in governmental decisions.

The solution is not to slow down or halt the almost inexorable advance of scientific knowledge and technology, but to have ourselves educated, as voters, into the meanings which each of the sciences has for us. Thus, popular science books are no longer a luxury to be read only by the student, the amateur or the curious; they have become necessary reading for the general electorate. The problem is not only to induce writers, both competent scientists and journalists, to compose these books, but to persuade the literate public to read them.

Latin Verse: A Universe Apart

Kenneth Rexroth

It is a commonplace with amateurs of the philosophy of history, from Upton Sinclair to my corner grocer, that Roman and American imperialism have much in common. We are supposed to have the same mass culture, the same coarseness of fiber, the same stoatish sex habits; and we are supposed to be headed at an ever-accelerating pace for the same doom. Not only amateurs believe this. Arnold Toynbee has become a world-wide celebrity like Albert Schweitzer, Brigitte Bardot and Sterling Moss by interpreting contemporary capitalist civilization in terms of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire (even though it is the fashion in bona fide, scholarly circles to deny that the terms "decline and fall" can be properly applied to the late history of Rome). But if we are so like them, it is curious indeed that our artistic expression has been, so far, so utterly unlike.

Since Bryant, Motley, Parkman and *The Federalist Papers*, American literary expression has grown ever less Roman. Inspired by the questionable parallel between the two cultures, it would be easy to imagine the list of favorite authors—Richard Nixon's favorite might be Cicero; Eisenhower's, Julius Caesar; Senator Fulbright's, Livy; Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s, Virgil; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, Horace. For better or worse, some of these people not only have never heard of these Roman authors but seem to make do very well with comic books, the sports page and the stock-market quotations.

It is not just the top dogs of that conspiracy of mediocrity, known as the power elite, who show no interest in Roman literature; the Latin poets have no more influence on the leading versifiers of our literary establishment than the mordant observations of Tacitus have on the policies or speeches of Lyndon Johnson. There is every evidence, in fact, that Latin literature in some peculiar way is especially antagonistic to American. One of these matters of fact is that we seem to be utterly unable to translate it. No American translation of any Latin poet has ever been anything but pedestrian and sesquipedalian. They all give the impression of being onerous jobs done in maximum discomfort, bad hours, low pay and terrible conditions. Pound's *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, you say? In the first place, it doesn't even claim to be a translation, and in the second place, it is not in American but in Pound's own professionally odd lingo, the last-born utterance of pre-Raphaelitese.

Years ago, Horace Gregory translated Catullus and some years later Allen Tate did the "Pervigilium Veneris." These might pass muster as mediocre examples of the verse of Gregory and Tate, but they would be acceptable as translations only to those ignorant of the originals. Even poets deeply saturated with Latin verse, like Richmond Lattimore and Robert Fitzgerald, have never been able to re-embody it in their native language. As far as I remember, Pound, Tate and Gregory are the only poets of substance who have ever had a go at the Latins. Louis Zukofsky, for the last few years, has been "translating" Catullus, but not into American or even English, but into Zukofsky, a language which notoriously raises more questions than it solves, like the web of Penelope.

I think the reason for this studious avoidance of Latin poetry by American poets lies in the radically different, in fact totally antagonistic, objectives of twentieth-century Ameri-

Martial: Selected Epigrams. Translated by Rolfe Humphries. Indiana University Press. 127 pp. $1.95 paper.

The Poems of Propertius. Translated by Constance Carrier. Indiana University Press. 224 pp. $4.95.

The Odes of Horace. Translated by James Michie. With Latin text. Orion Press. 376 pp. $6.

Roman Comedies: Seven Plays of Plautus and Terence. Edited by George E. Duckworth. Random House Modern Library. 396 pp. $2.45.

The Satires of Juvenal. Translated by Hubert Creekmore. New American Library. 288 pp. 75c paper.

The Civilization of Rome. By Pierre Grimal. Simon & Schuster. 680 pp., 250 illus. $11.50.

Kenneth Rexroth, poet and critic, is the author most recently of Natural Numbers: Selected Poems *(New Directions).*

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can verse and Latin poetry of the Augustine and Silver ages. We are still in the midst of an anti-rhetorical movement in poetry now two generations old. Commingled with this main current is an effluent which is at least equal in power (like the Missouri and the Mississippi), a movement of intellectual complication and wit which we call, for lack of a better word, metaphysical. Then there is a countercurrent against the latter tendency, sometimes weaker, sometimes more powerful, the anti-literary objectivist style of presentational immediacy which stretches from the Imagists to Gary Snyder and Denise Levertov. All these characteristics define a universe of discourse unknown to Latin poetry.

In addition, the American language is moving away from its Indo-European origins and is so far from the inflected subtleties of Latin that it is much closer to the syntactical logic of Chinese. Again the acoustic qualities of the two languages are most unlike. Virgil may have been "the molder of the mightiest measure ever wielded by the mind of man," but that measure cannot be reproduced at all in English, much less American, and attempts to do so sound like comic parodies of Longfellow.

I wish this were not so. Horace is one of my favorite poets; a loyal companion and a sovereign antidote to the irascible subjectivity that is called the modern temper. I would love to translate him, but, as I sit here writing this, turning over in my mind the snows of Soracte, the chirring bracelets, the lissome slave girls, the crystal spring water, I realize only too well that I haven't the vaguest idea of how to even begin.

Such qualms, if he's had them, have never deterred Rolfe Humphries. If he lives long enough he should eventually get through to Claudian. He's done Virgil, Ovid, Martial, Juvenal. The kindest word to apply to these translations is dogged. He's kep' at it. And once in a while he achieves a certain felicity, but it is so brief that you wonder if it hasn't been an accident.

Constance Carrier's *Propertius* is no better. She quite misses the neurotic melancholy, the masochistic anguish of Propertius. He is one of the few classic writers, possibly the only one, afflicted with the modern temper, but fouled up as he is, he still is eminently masculine and I doubt that he could ever be translated by a woman. A talented enough woman could conceivably project herself into a man's role, but not likely into the role of a man possessed by particularly masculine aberrations. We have seen fairly recently this doubled and redoubled mirror-image projection fail in an attempt to translate the modern Greek poet, Cavafy.

James Michie's *The Odes of Horace* includes the Latin text, to which it provides a moderately amusing pony in meters that sometimes remotely resemble the original. As English verse his translation is not always doggerel, but it isn't often a great deal better. Michie is English, not American, and it is unquestionably easier to bring over at least a little of Horace into English than it is into American. Horace has always been a sort of shadow Poet Laureate of Great Britain. One of his best Victorian translators called him "an eminently clubbable man." I just can't imagine Horace in American, least of all that aspect of him. What kind of poet would a "clubbable" American be?

One trouble with most of these translations is that they are in rhyme. Since rhyme necessitates an unreal distortion of word order and padding or omission from even the most glib of versifying translators, and since much of the beauty of the Latin verse depends on the ring and clash of its peculiar acoustic properties and syntax, a rhymed translation is almost foredoomed to failure. The best American translators in the twentieth century, whatever language they translate from, use unrhymed free verse. I am no passionate propagandist for free verse. This is simply an evident fact and it is extraordinary that people persist in ignoring it.

The Roman Comedies is a reprint of selections from Roman drama in the Random House Lifetime Library, now twenty years old. They weren't very satisfactory renditions then and time has staled them. It's too bad. Lacking the Attic new comedy, these plays are the archetypes of formal comedy from Japan, China and India, to Hollywood or the Berliner Ensemble. You'd never know it. I doubt if the peculiar rhythms of Plautus, a little like a clodhopper Paul Fort, could be rendered in any other language but his own, not even the Latin of two generations later. However somebody, someday, should be

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Triumph in trying"

"So the mystery of the last novel goes on, and only Mary Hemingway, who typed or supervised the typing of all the manuscripts and who collected them all after his death, can advance the solution. Perhaps Hemingway himself would have said that the book's completed existence is less important anyway than the attempt to do it. After all, in his last successful work, Hemingway's Old Man was not truly defeated by the sea, though he failed to land the huge fish. His triumph was in trying."

From a recent Newsweek Books column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

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able to transmit something of his muscular tension and his vibrant guts. There's nothing of it here. There's nothing of Terence, either. He had the disposition of an exquisitely cultivated and subtly sarcastic hairdresser. God knows, there are still enough people like that running around, but I guess they don't read Latin, though quite a few write English.

Hubert Creekmore is a most conscientious translator, but he never catches the iron ring of Juvenal. He does get across the bitter flavor of his ironic bawdry and he picks up most of the jokes and manages to be quite funny. Like the rest of these translators, some of his wittiest passages owe their effect to their wry commentary on the Latin, and so go past those who lack the original tongue. We'll just have to face it for awhile yet — the best translator of Juvenal is still Sam Johnson.

What's missing in all this stuff is the clang of Roman iron on Roman bronze. From Dryden to Johnson the English Augustans, though they may not have had the genuine Roman temper, could manage a reasonable facsimile thereof. I am inclined to think that if we had diagnostic instruments of sufficient sensitivity we would discover that Roman and American civilizations are as unlike as any two great imperialisms in history.

French civilization *is* like, but in a minuscule way and ineffectively. France is always striving to become a petty Rome, to the distraction of the rest of Europe. For this reason a showy job of well-bred vulgarization, like Pierre Grimal's *The Civilization of Rome*, catches something that the most learned Latinate American might miss—the spirit of Roman formalism, legalism and *gloire*. These, of course, are French vices and they are only minor Roman virtues, but at least they're Roman. So Grimal's book gives the feeling of Roman culture, or at least a portion of it. Roman civilization was based upon law, on a clearly defined hierarchy of values and an as clearly defined hierarchy of power. It was pessimistic because it was rigidly traditional. At the end, the original endowments of Roman civilization were still there; they had only withered. In the entire structure of the culture there had been no significant growth. Whatever novelties had occurred had been purely formal. The first large-scale genuine novelty, Christianity, that intruded into the structure exploded it. The interrelationships of the basic values of the culture were likewise formal, as were the spiritual relationships of actual men. What this means in literature is that the literature was rhetorical—that is what rhetoric is.

It is hardly necessary to point out to my fellow citizens at this late date that American civilization is polyvalent, experimental, optimistic, sensuous and fluent like the Greek, and that the basic relationships of its society are at least dynamic and strive to become organic. It's easy enough to translate this into a literary aesthetic. So translated, it is obvious on inspection that we are dealing with something which can never be put in a one-to-one relationship with the items of the Roman world view. The relevance of this conclusion to the difficulties of translating Roman verse into American is patent.

Meant Offense

GOING TO TOWN: And Other Stories. By Yuri Kazakov. Houghton Mifflin Co. 325 pp. $4.95.

Ernst Pawel

Yuri Kazakov suffers from the sort of clear-eyed sobriety that gives offense and is meant to. Parties can do without loners like him, non-joiners, watchers foreshadowing the morning after.

Lucidity of this order takes courage to live with and talent to express. Kazakov has both, and to spare. Soviet critics grant him the talent but deplore the uses to which he puts it, which may tell something about Soviet critics but nothing about Kazakov. Originally a musician, Kazakov survived five years of formal training at the Literary Institute, with his talent sufficiently intact to begin publishing his stories in 1956. They were an almost instant success, for reasons easy enough to appreciate even in translation: Kazakov displays a surefootedness and technical proficiency rare among his Russian contemporaries and, in fact, rather perilously close to the "formalism" of Western practitioners. Above all, however, he has that uncollectively unique originality that makes each of his stories a personal statement, and inevitably arouses the witch hunters and hatchet men.

On the face of it, Kazakov is an easy target, caught red-handed in the act of peddling poison. He tells of love and parting, of adolescence, hunting, autumn mornings in the woods, seascapes, muted heartbreak, old age and death. To him, the revolution is history; he takes it for granted and goes on to explore other aspects of man's fate. It is this retreat into privacy, into the ambivalence of anguish and delight, that clearly stamps him as a rebel. The wheel has come full turn, the children are devouring the revolution of their fathers, and dialectical materialism turns out to have a perverse sense of irony.

Unlike Yevtushenko, Kazakov has been unwilling to exploit the role thrust upon him, which seems a wise decision; gifts such as his seldom flourish in the meeting hall. At his best, he combines the uncorrupted vision of the child—the precocious child robbed of his childhood—with an incorruptible commitment to craftsmanship that sets him apart from the embattled poets. His guide and mentor, Konstantin Paustovsky, regards him as the most promising among the younger generation of Soviet writers, and there are pages in this book that would seem to justify the highest expectations.

Gabriella Azrael's lucidly colloquial translation conveys both the sensitivity and the taut, disciplined economy of means with which Kazakov develops his stories. Twenty-two in all, they are grouped here under headings supplied by the "poetic" inspiration of someone other than the author: A Cry for Help, The Strange Girl, Stories of Love and Parting, Parents and Children, the Renegades and The Spirit of the Forest. The somewhat threadbare romanticism of these titles is neither helpful nor descriptive; almost all the stories are starkly contemporary in mood, shocking the Western reader into instant recognition. The background, shrunk to irrelevance, is blurred, the focus being on people devastatingly familiar in their attitudes, problems, dilemmas and even ways of expressing themselves. People of our time.

Yet, despite stylistic affinities and echoes of existential anguish, the stories derive from Chekhov rather than from Salinger or Moravia. Chekhov's serene pessimism looms behind Kazakov's cadence and perspective,

Ernst Pawel, author of From the Dark Tower *and* In the Absence of Magic *(both Macmillan), translates from Russian and writes on Soviet letters.*

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and Chekhov's genius also provides a notion of the vast distance that Kazakov and his comrades will have to cover in order to make up for lost time. *Going to Town* is an impressive debut, no more and no less. Lacking the political overtones and controversial aspects of so many recent Soviet imports, it is a book of stories ranging from good to superb.

They mark Kazakov as a writer worth watching. Whether he will break out of the essentially narrow, confining form of the brief sketch and venture into more challenging realms remains to be seen.

ART

Max Kozloff

The art of Jackson Pollock throbs in the civilization of the twentieth century as one of its most pathetic and brilliant evocations. Pathetic, because there is an undeniable note of frustration and neurosis in the painter's work; and brilliant because of its gyrating power, its comprehensiveness and its sheer originality. Ultimately, Pollock (whose production we are offered an interesting chance to review at his current retrospective at the Marlborough Gerson Gallery), gave visual flesh to a whole era of consciousness in mid-century, which had striven to express its sense of fragmentation, and its fear of unleashed cataclysmic forces. One speaks of his attainment as one does of a statement that awakes an age, and organizes its imaginative energies on the vastest and most differentiated scale. As did Picasso in prewar culture, Monet in the *fin de siècle*, and Delacroix in the early Republics and Empires, Pollock, during a tragically shorter career, represented our time. Or rather, the time became aware of a vital part of itself through him.

This power of cultural crystallization is not given to many painters; and one can be great without it. But as far as the matter is explainable, its sources would appear to come from an ability to charge and generalize a wide range of experience, and persistently, arrogantly, to impose one's will upon it. That there was nothing in the tradition of American art that prepared for any such event, is a measure of Pollock's immense accomplishment.

It took place, primarily, in four areas:

First, *space*. Behind the extended, pullulating fabric of visual incident which Monet established, Pollock threw open a limitless and planeless dimension. Partly by diminishing the scale of everything within the picture field, and partly by suggesting that field as a labyrinthine web or screen constantly perforated by the eye, Pollock suggests a cosmic, empyrean firmament. The near and the far, the infinitely small and the infinitely large, are juxtaposed without mediation in a duality that mirrors the pressure of contemporary science upon a modern view of the world.

Second, *order*. The adjectives that describe the relationships of forms in practically all of Western painting—contained and computed, graded and regulated—do not apply to Pollock's vision. No one passage or episode is compared with another in a system such as his, in which the whole principle of domination-subordination is denied. Instead, a diffusion of attention in equally charged, homogeneous visual particles compel a simultaneous reading of the whole micro-structured composition. Individual or local anarchies are subsumed by a conception of overarching rhythm.

Third, *chance*. Since art had always been considered as the exercise of a method of control, Pollock, by apparently surrendering that one faculty, throws into question the very nature of the association of the artist and his work. His celebrated drips consistently relinquished so much of the human agency that their only anticipation, the Surrealist automatism of Ernst and Masson, pales in comparison. Yet, what is loosened from conscious manipulation is caught again in a mental network in which every "accident" is accommodated and dovetailed with its mate—exactly the opposite of the gratuitous chaos that certain of his critics, Ernst Gombrich most recently, have suggested.

Finally, *expressiveness*. A Pollock surface of, say, 1950, is a palimpsest tissue of enormously varied tactile events, immediately articulating the artist's gesturing and imagery. A graph of his movement and his passion, the high octane paint activity works in a resistanceless ambient and energizes the whole picture façade. As food for the eye, spilled and flung matter in such a work serves up a caloric content that makes all of previous European paint handling look dietetic. Furthermore, all this is purchased, in fact characterized, by evident struggle,

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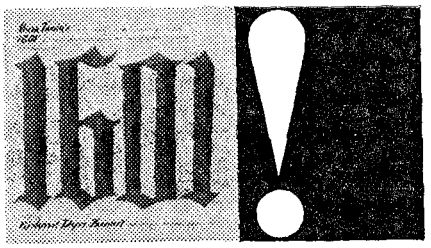

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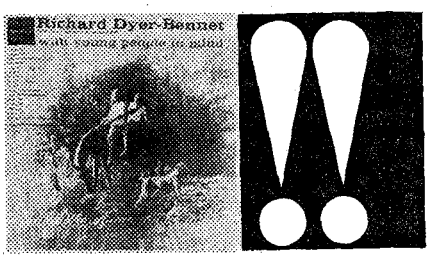

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never subdued into anything less than an open-wired nervousness—of which the contemporary calligraphies of Mathieu or Tobey, in contrast, hardly proffer more than mannered echoes. The disintegrating and re-aggregating densities of Pollock elicit a generating force all the more powerful because impersonal.

Such is a more or less textbook analysis of Jackson Pollock's contribution to art. Perfectly noticeable are the cross currents which fuse every one of the four major areas into a unified program of mutually dependent perceptions. For a miraculous, but short-lived period, idea and execution were held in equilibrium by ambitious painting, an equilibrium which, however, lost balance in Pollock's last years, just as it did shortly thereafter (1956) in most of New York art. Despite its physical complexity, one's enduring impression of his work is of extreme conceptual simplicity. And like all masters, his thought appears no less inevitable than it does lucid.

But all this is the merest hindsight, explaining nothing of what went into and was sacrificed by the artist's form itself. The peculiar service of the Marlborough show, revealing a large number of early works from the Pollock estate, lies in its almost embarrassing exposure of his liabilities. If triumph over one's deepest shortcomings marks a real strength of character, then Pollock's character was one of the most distinguished in contemporary art.

Upon the evidence of all his output prior to 1947, the year of his first aluminum and duco drippings (c.f. "Cathedral"), Pollock would be considered as lacking two faculties indispensable to the equipment of any artist: a sense of color and an understanding of how to apply paint. The chromatic deficiency unfolds in his early choice of dark, hot and unresonant hues, in which there is no relationship between the few high saturations he so obviously wanted and the bituminous aura that was meant to contrast with them. Such sharp reds or yellows as one sees neither cast shadows, nor are coherently set off, and the general confusion is only compounded by indecisions, or forced contrasts in his scheme of values. In the early forties, Pollock tried desperately to escape to a lighter, sweeter palette, of pinks and turquoises and ochres which, when they weren't relieved decoratively by discrete rectangles of black, as in "Male and Female" (1942), set one's teeth on edge by their grimacing prettiness. There is neither consonance nor deliberate dissonance in chromatic choices which betray a primitive insensitiveness to the very expressivity of color.

But Pollock's impulses were primarily fantastic, so that the solution to the problem of their sensuous embodiment was invariably postponed, under pressure from the more urgent need to release the whole moil of compulsive imagery. Nowhere was this more disastrous than in his physical execution. The mechanism whereby an artist intuits the strength and duration of his touch, the load of paint on his brush proper to his emotion, went berserk in Pollock. It is as if the friction the canvas itself offered the path of his hand, sent him into a rage. The resulting oily turbulences, and hectic topographies of pigment are of an incomparable strangled brutishness. At every recognition of these failings, Pollock would try to extricate himself by redoubling his furor, which only emphasized them the more.

The history of modern art offers only one parallel to this account of a master who had run so badly amok in his youth: the early, sex-crazed Cézanne. Both men had to find some containing metaphor, some principle of stability, with which to socialize a disquiet of mind which threatened to tear their art to shreds. In the earliest sections of the Marlborough show (1933-1938), influences of Benton, Ryder, Greco and Orozco find in the young Pollock a common denominator that produced the worst sort of treacly hash. Henceforth, though, he was to substitute these for more challenging models: Picasso, Miro, Kandinsky and Hofmann. This was symptomatic not merely of his desire to join the issues of the art of his time, but also of the psychological maturing of his outlook. Then too, his iconography changed slowly, from rather nondescript landscapes and scenes of warfare, through the inevitable tauromachia, to a pagan and archetypal mythology of birth and death. But it was not this imagery itself which finally provided Pollock with a way out, but a gradually clarifying metaphor of his own pictorial entanglements.

Under no circumstances can this painter be taken for a late Cubist. What had replaced that source of organization, or a biomorphic variant, both much practiced by his colleagues, was a curious building up of mass by writhing lines. So overwhelming was this Expressionist legacy, that it ceaselessly burned through each progressively more abstracting idiom. Pollock's ability to identify his own gestures with the way the picture formed itself side-stepped a major compositional dilemma of the forties: the obstacle of Cubist drawing and planar consciousness to the free activation of the surface. By 1944, in "Gothic," an alarming gorilla-like tantrum, he had pushed himself so far, that he was on the verge of automatism. That his subsequent passage into this realm was quite ragged is indicated by a number of ugly transitional canvases of 1944-47, in which the imagery is chewed up to keep pace with the rapidly increased tempo of the execution. When, finally, he lifted the instrument off the canvas, and skeins of liquid, shaken and jolted by their flight through space, came raining and splattering upon the surface, the turgid, ham-fisted Pollock kicked up his heels in the most gracile pirouettes American art had ever known. Dripping, that aerial sphincter of his consciousness, literally enabled him to change identity in midstream.

But there are not a few paradoxes connected with it. One is that the painting process has shifted from active to the pseudo-passive, and that only Pollock was fitted with the pent-up tensile strength to sustain this passivity over the new mural-sized space that had become necessary. Furthermore, the method allowed him to pulverize his color, making it increasingly more agreeable to the eye. Presented in Paris in 1953, it was the work of this relative Prince Charming which inspired one French critic to speak of "all sorts of perversities." And yet, the fact that it was a physical device (which he was virtually forced to invent) that brought about Pollock's fulfillment, suggests his basic insecurity, and the precariousness of his exploration. One recalls Sartre's remark about genius being the only way out that desperate people can take. In the early fifties, Pollock had regressions, intriguing hairy moments, as in the great black-and-white Ducos. For the final three years, however, his production was in decline, and the famous car accident of 1956 finished it altogether. The rest is history.

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Gordon Rogoff

Playwrights are not required to be philosophers, psychoanalysts, or saints. The only requirement is art. They may do their thinking in the shower, their analyzing in bed, their saintliness in their heads, and still succeed in the theatre if their experience is transformed by an act of will and personal magic into a play with a life of its own. Wherever Arthur Miller conducts his philosophy, his analysis and his self-esteem in life, he has brought only the last of these onto center stage in his new play, *After the Fall*, which has launched the Lincoln Center Repertory Company in sweeping, modern surroundings at the ANTA Washington Square Theatre. More a young author's autobiographical first novel than a mature artist's play, it is a dispiriting, unhappy, often infuriating beginning for the new company.

Miller starts as Adam and ends as God. Only one other character develops along such straight lines, but she moves in the opposite direction. Though his intentions must have been otherwise, Miller has written, in fact, an amorality play in which only Eve falls and only he banishes. The sorrow of the occasion is relieved, finally, by its unintended irony: her humiliation becomes his disgrace.

Art, then, is not at issue. In place of detachment and compassion, Miller offers reportage. An attack on the phantoms of his past might have been wrought into a separated work of art, but it could have been born only from eyes that see, ears that hear, and feelings that are felt. These, Miller demonstrates conclusively, he doesn't have. What he does have is a vengeful heart and a heavy hand.

The play takes its striking shapelessness from the hero's psychoanalysis. Quentin, a lawyer who writes briefs that have "a majestic quality, like a classic opinion," comes before an invisible, silent figure called (in the text) the Listener. He wishes to wander in his mind in order to discover what kind of man he will be bringing to a third marriage. Innocence, his favorite word and private possession, no longer seems possible, yet it is clear that he never surrenders principles to oblivion as readily as he surrenders people. Haunting his narrative, his people play their scenes only as *he* remembers them. In the end, he has survived through rhetoric, prepared to think himself into happiness again, a triumph of unremitting ego over real analysis.

Miller attempts to dramatize two kinds of relationships in Quentin's life, his ties with women and his links with his Socialist past. The women — with the exception of the woman he has yet to marry — are cold, demanding or frankly destructive. While his politics once seemed true in part, they invited so many lies at the time that they can't be forgiven. Thus, it is not a surprise and surely no accident that they do, in fact, disappear from the play early, explored only insofar as they directly affected, not Quentin, but two of his friends. Quentin always faces people and issues by turning his back.

His central confrontation, with Maggie, the blond who became his second wife, is seen through a keyhole angrily. Sex, for him, is only the small change of experience, but it has to be shown graphically as it happened. If we ask if it ever happened to *him*, we are asking only the same question asked by his women. A man who believes that explanation is expiation will never take "Please" for an answer. Instead, he tries to leave us with the clear image of yet another goddamn woman — as he puts it — who injured him. It is a cruel and ridiculous attempt. Cerebral pornography is a shabby substitute for real, transmuted experience. Therefore, the miserable Maggie emerges as an unplanned heroine, a victim of the easily victimized. Quentin, the lad who protests too much, emerges in his turn as an unplanned Calvinist prig.

What is never acknowledged, never explored, is the fact that *must* be lurking behind his figmentary phantoms. *He* chose these relationships with women and politics, nobody else. He complains that he can never blame with confidence, possibly because he chooses to see himself as choiceless. Yet what is the point of blaming at all if he is always pretending to look within himself and always failing?

Gordon Rogoff is a regular critic for the Tulane Drama Review. *Harold Clurman is Executive Consultant for the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center, and cannot review the productions of that company.*

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Infinite Zero"

"H. G. Wells once wrote a tragicomic fantasy about a corpulent man who magically lost a lot of weight instead of fat, and had to sew lead weights to his underwear to save himself from ballooning away. Zero Mostel, the circular star of the lightweight Broadway musical-comedy hit 'A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,' keeps his feet securely on the ground with the esthetic ballast of graphic art. Some people think of Mostel as a comedian who paints. But he is really more than that: Mostel is a painter who acts."

From a recent Newsweek Art column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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True, he never blames *himself* with confidence, but he contrives to blame everybody else with all the flair he can summon. In law, self-justification — whether we like it or not — is not a synonym for justice. A better lawyer might have argued a better case, just as a better playwright would have written fewer and better words in a more truly argued play.

An enervating nostalgia hovers over the cluttered thought of the play, a nostalgia for a past in which it was easy to divide the world between the good guys and the bad. The aching heart literally sickens, rendering impotent whatever interior rhythm might have moved the play. Hatred, as always, is unmoving in all the senses of the word.

None of this would matter very much if it were only the story of one crippled dramatist. The play, however, is more than a portent about Arthur Miller. It speaks at least for one other man, Elia Kazan, and possibly for a generation. As such, its appearance and production stand as a saddening, ominous threat to New York's first large-scale permanent theatre.

Kazan, embracing Miller's nostalgia and the antiseptic, frigid harshness of the play, has directed a curiously drifting, almost featureless performance. Against and within the thrusts and levels of Jo Mielziner's spatial design, he places his actors and sets his style as if he had never left the proscenium arch behind. Most of the action is played down center. Entrances and exits are strangely indecisive, setting the tone for such oddities as imaginary telephones and real ash trays. An imaginary closet door opens *in* to the closet. Maggie's maid sits up stage in almost total darkness, unexplained and fundamentally uninvolved.

With the splendid exception of Barbara Loden, who makes Maggie into a carefully constructed, vibrantly alive figure — though it is difficult to draw the line between expert mimicry and characterization — the actors deliver their lines and handle their alternately real and invisible props like the reporters they are probably meant to be. In Miller's writing, everybody is always "saying" something, issuing ultimatums. This means that the actors shout, overstress, underinterpret, push their tears, grab their faces and stomachs in spastic agony, and catch his uninflected prose in their increasingly hoarse throats. Like Miller, Jason Robards, Jr., as Quentin, doesn't interpret so much as he asserts and withdraws. He endures much, but for all his time on stage, he returns very little except the unshaded bleakness of an empty man. He is the drone bee of our actors masquerading as the angry lion — his roar only a decibel above his buzz.

One reviewer has called this new Repertory an *essential* development. If the leadership showed even one central link with a younger generation — for example, as Tynan serves Olivier in Britain's National Theatre — then perhaps the word would seem well chosen. As it stands now, it is really just an inevitable development, fashioned from faded fabrics, not half as promising as it might have been.

We have been shamefully behind the world in building ensemble theatres, and in this sense the Lincoln Repertory's opening can be called a historically hopeful event. But hope fades when confronted with their announced schedule and this first production.

Harold Clurman

Though it is extremely lavish in sets and costumes and put together with exemplary skill by Gower Champion, what impresses me most in the new musical *Hello Dolly!* (St. James Theatre) is the personality of Carol Channing.

The show by Michael Stewart and Jerry Herman has been called "the best musical of the season" and that may well be since the others were *Jennie*, *Here's Love*, *The Girl Who Came to Supper* — all of them duds — and *110 in the Shade*, pleasant enough, with Inga Swenson, a talanted and lovable singing actress supported by a generally attractive cast.

Hello Dolly! is based on (the program says "suggested by") Thornton Wilder's genial and delightfully written *The Matchmaker*. Whenever the adaptation quotes its source, the dialogue takes on a marked freshness. There is no music worth mention in the proceedings; the hit number, "Hello Dolly!," is memorable chiefly for its brilliant staging, color and the opportunity it affords the audience to display its affection for Miss Channing.

In an extravagant mood one might describe Gower Champion as the Tyrone Guthrie of musical comedy direction. He has humor and an unfailing sense of what will surprise, move and strike home on the stage. His choreography is not particularly original or beautiful in itself, but with limited dance means it always manages to make a telling theatrical effect. If Gower Champion were to run a night club it would be the most "romantic" spot in town because he knows how to combine elements of a traditional glamour with the tension and hectic beat of metropolitan festivity. There can be no doubt that much of the success of *Hello Dolly!* is due to Champion's special gift for composition in the building of a musical show.

Still, only Carol Channing "spoke" to me. She is not an unknowing performer, but I venture to say that she is barely conscious of what gives her presence its peculiar appeal. Even her audience may not realize exactly why they like her so much.

Goggle eyes shining, mouth agape glistening with a multitude of teeth, her voice cracking, Miss Channing makes us believe she finds this the best of possible worlds despite a never-declared but always evident heartbreak. She is the most credulous girl in the world. She puts a glad face on unhappiness. She looks as if she hopes with all her might that she's having as good a time as she's supposed to be having or even thinks she is. She's a triumph of guilelessness over the facts of life. The audience is grateful to a person so good-humored, so without malice, so openhearted in a world where intelligence alone leads to very different sentiments. Bless her goofiness, we feel like crying. She makes life positively gay because she hears no evil, she sees no evil and will speak no evil. She is a public benefactress.

The early closing of *Funny House of a Negro*,* a fifty-minute play, constrains me to do more than call attention to the advent of a very young playwright of talent: Adrienne Kennedy. The play, the general theme of which may be defined as what it may mean to be a colored person in the United States, embraces far more than plays of similar theme when they are couched in terms of pathetic appeals for "tolerance" and fair play. The torment of the colored girl in *Funny House of a Negro* parallels that of all people who suffer the pathology of minorities. Their number extends far beyond the boundaries of race.

*The producers later announced that a financial contribution they have received will keep the play open (at the East End Theatre) for at least two more weeks.

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RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio.* Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Gottlob Frick, Walter Berry, vocal soloists; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 3625.

Fidelio. Leonie Rysanek, Irmgard Seefried, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Ernst Häfliger, Gottlob Frick, vocal soloists; Bavarian State Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Ferenc Fricsay, cond. DGG L38 390/91 S.

Fidelio is really a unique work, not in the obvious sense that it was Beethoven's only opera, but in its realization of a remarkable dramatic idea through a succession of conventional *Singspiel* number types that have fantastically burst the bounds of their crude basic situations to create fully formed and intensely individual compositions. In this respect, it diverges drastically from the Mozart-Wagner tradition, where deepening formal development was mirrored by a continuous expansion in surface continuity, beginning most strikingly in Mozart's famous finales, and reaching its extreme limits in Wagner's "endless melodies." But whereas these externally more integral approaches were still conceived within the framework of operatic pace and rhetoric, the phraseology of *Fidelio* derives from the concentrated intensity of Beethoven's instrumental music, and creates, in characteristic Beethoven fashion, a vocal and dramaturgical environment of its own.

Thus the apparent incongruity of *Fidelio's* heavily elaborated "numbers" — isolated amid empty stretches of spoken dialogue like massive icebergs in a formless sea — actually represents an extraordinary translation of the dramatic qualities of the instrumental works into the perceptual terms of musical theatre. The key image, through which the development of purely musical "characters" is projected into the development of tangible characters in the opera, is that of internal "states of mind"; in the treatment of most of the libretto the important music is sung to texts that are primarily introspective self-examinations or proclamations of attitude, and are delivered as interior monologues suspended above the action (even in combined ensembles) rather than being addressed to anyone on or off the stage. In these terms, the spoken recitatives, which are the sole carriers of the conventional action, provide an essential framework for surface activity and the passage of time (whose complete suspension in the principal musical numbers creates a sense of a dramatic level "out of time," a transferral of the plane of activity from the physical surface to the psychological interior).

The clear establishment of these formal levels provides the effective context for the second-act Melodrama, where the orchestra's presence seems to sharply juxtapose the internally "real" utterances of Leonora in the dungeon against her actual matter-of-fact speech and ostensible action as Fidelio (and here the opera cliché of double identity is given genuine dramatic significance). The wonderful transformation of speech into singing during this passage thus becomes the focal point of the entire opera.

Like many of Beethoven's most original formal ideas, the large-scale conception of *Fidelio* was much less consequential for later composers than were some of the incidental means through which it was realized (particularly the foreground use of the orchestra, so crucial for all of Wagner). As a result, it has remained somewhat unassimilated in the operatic environment, and continues to be difficult for performers. Singers find its melodic successions awkward, and no other work in their repertory requires them to produce a variety of speeds and manners of articulations as though they were first violins in a Beethoven string quartet; and opera conductors, for the most part, are simply not equipped to solve the problem of creating a progressive continuity out of its peculiarly self-contained syntax.

Under these conditions, Klemperer's characteristic abilities and insights take on the proportions of a major revelatory experience. His approaches to sonority and rhythm are perhaps most remarkable; the troublesome reintroductions of orchestral sound and beat after the intervening dead air between sections all seem part of an uninterrupted, inflected, continuous thread. The ensemble singing and phrasing, even in the formidable rhythmic and harmonic complexity of the first-act trio "Gut, Söhnchen," and in the floating suspension of the earlier quartet, is shaped with marvelous coherence. In Leonora's "Absucheulich-

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Scent of fear"

"The scent of fear hung over the sun-kissed island where legend says Aphrodite arose from the sea. Gutted houses lined the dusty roads of Cyprus and in the capital city of Nicosia, surrounded by its fourteenth-century wall, Greeks and Turks alike mourned their dead. Between them, establishing a *cordon sanitaire*, fresh-faced youngsters of the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Sherwood Foresters stood welcome guard in narrow, winding streets where only a few brief years ago they had been the hated enemy."

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er," the horns, whose interaction with the voice forms one of the most extraordinary sonorous conceptions in music, are much more integrally related to the entire framework than I recall from other performances, and the result is the projection of a unitary sonority in which the bassoons and basses play a definitive role, instead of the usual concerto for horn, voice and muffled accompaniment.

On the other hand, the thrusting horn accents at the opening of Act II create a completely contrasting kind of sound-image, carried progressively through the oboe solos in the middle section of Florestan's arias to the subdued and irregular string chords at its end that presage the following melodrama. And among the inexhaustible range of sounds that one discovers, the most beautiful perhaps is the prisoners' chorus in Act I, which grows wonderfully from the first stirrings of the strings to the full choral-orchestral sonority, and then progresses through its little *scena* within this unitary fabric of luminous sound into which a whole range of nuances and inflections is inlaid.

Fricsay's recording reveals a much simpler sense of contrast and rhythmic propulsion, which generates an impressive directness and considerable forward momentum. Since Fricsay never pushes the pace beyond the breaking point, his approach works well, producing a bright, attractive and healthy-sounding performance which is greatly enhanced by one of the best recorded sounds I have ever heard. The result, however, is ultimately more about what is typically Mozartian in *Fidelio* than what is special in it, particularly in the conversion of the work into a singer's opera with the orchestra in a largely accompanimental role. It is surprising, also, to observe that although Fricsay takes a considerably quicker pace than Klemperer, he loses rather than gains proportionately in rhythmic intensity and definition; and although everything is much more sharply articulated in Fricsay's performance, the subtler control exercised by Klemperer produces a much wider range of accentuation, and a sense of bolder extrusion in particular places because of the overall delicacy.

Among the singers, Leonie Rysanek's singing as Leonora is straighter-out and less varied than Christa Ludwig's, whose persistent alto coloration gives an individual viscosity to her entire range, which is now effectively enlarged well into the soprano domain. Rysanek, too, is less particular about how to produce notes and how to relate successive sounds, although within these limitations her singing is entirely competent and unusually accurate. There is no real comparison between Ernst Häfliger's evenly produced Florestan and Jon Vickers' superb range of volumes, inflections, accentuations and vocal qualities from piercing intensity to sotto voce muttering, all clearly placed in a coherent musical context. As far as Fischer-Dieskau's Pizarro is concerned, I have never been impressed by his substitution of semi-pitched theatrical declamation for real singing, although he does it with great energy and skill and manages to sound quite nasty; Walter Berry in the Klemperer recording produces strong, pleasant, reliable, undistinguished sounds. Since Gottlob Frick is the Rocco in both, there is no choice here, but I found him the least impressive of the Klemperer singers.

I also found the use of separate actors for the speaking parts on the DGG recording disturbing, especially in the melodrama; they make a more effective theatre piece out of it, but it is not, after all, as an effective theatre piece that *Fidelio* is most interesting. But in the end, one would never have been able to guess the special originality of *Fidelio* from Fricsay's performance, just as one could hardly have missed it in Klemperer's.

The Guest

Washed into the doorway
by the wake of the traffic,
he wears humanity
like a third-hand shirt
— blackened with enough
of Manhattan's dirt to sprout
a tree, or poison one.
His empty hand has led him
where he has come to.
Our differences claim us.
He holds out his hand,
in need of all that's mine.

And so we are joined, as deep
as son and father. His life
is offered me to choose.

Shall I begin servitude
to him? Let this cup pass.
Who am I? **But charity must**
suppose, knowing no better,
that this is a man fallen
among thieves, or come
to this strait by no fault
— that our difference
is not a judgment,
though I can afford to eat
and am made his judge.

I am, I nearly believe,
the Samaritan who fell
into that ambush of his heart
on the way to another place.
My stranger waits, his hand
held out like something to read,
as though its emptiness
is an accomplishment.
I give him a smoke and the price
of a meal, no more

— not sufficient kindness
nor believable sham.
I paid him to remain strange
to my threshold and table,
to permit me to forget him —
knowing I won't. He's the guest
of my knowing, though not asked.

Wendell Berry

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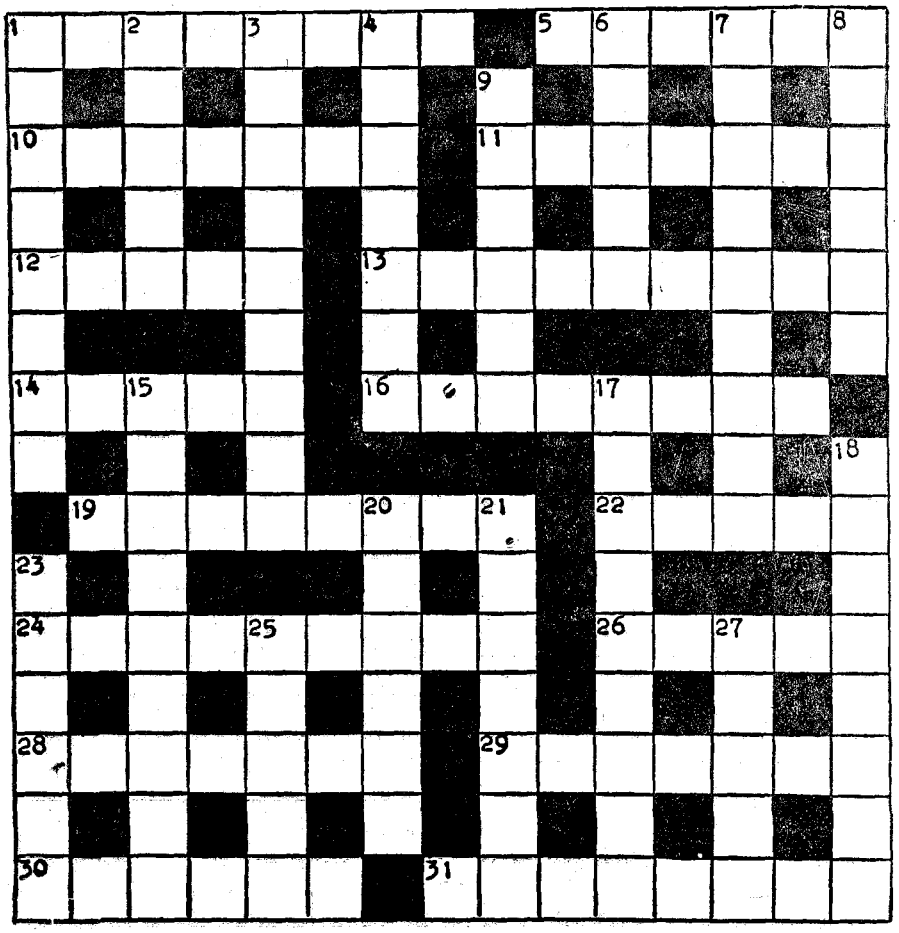
Crossword Puzzle No. 1045

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 In which they thought a birdie could win the game? (8)
5 A number at the head of 22 shouldn't be so far away. (6)
10 "Van" might be associated with this man, as an actor. (7)
11 and 19 School where not only females may attend, and can act in dresses, perhaps. (4, 3, 8)
12 Cry when the row is filled? (5)
13 One who does, possibly stands up at dinner and chooses the course regardless of others. (9)
14 Raced all in a body. (5)
16 A dome was so decreed to be a legal answer for certain! (8)
19 See 11 across
22 Spoils his reward? Not by a long shot! (5)
24 How hotheads might make peace imperils one. (9)
26 First, it is not for the 22. (5)
28 Queen bee? Quite a different species. (7)
29 Sort of thin in everything but a colony home. (3, 4)
30 Some doubt seems to be expressed as to whether the insect is airworthy. (6)
31 How to make reformed ingrates bind together? (8)

DOWN:

1 The announcement of autumn's return marks the retreat of other forces. (4, 4)
2 Play king by direction, and acquire skill. (5)
3 Tertiary division. (9)
4 Get up, Roger! It might be the first thing to do if you 1 down. (7)
6 Time for seeing Crocodilia? (5)
7 Criteria applied to things that are upright? (9)
8 This could prove at least part of the salad is hard. (6)
9 Get me a different cell! (6)
15 Obviously in a determined manner! (9)
17 Stormy petrels at what might be equivalent to inter-change. (9)
18 Does it provide shade for the Loyalist? (4, 4)
20 You'll certainly not get the lay of the land here! (6)
21 Moves across the floor and speaks about the result of smoking. (7)
23 This proves you could get blamed for the scene of uproar. (6)
25 Why no one answered the door to get a sort of 26? (5)
27 He had to always go around for his love. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1044

ACROSS: 1 Leprechaun; 6 and 10 Downtrodden; 11 Grommet; 12 Trophies; 13 Tense; 15 and 21 Lampshades; 17 Ostracism; 19 Rainmaker; 24 Main line; 27 Oceanus; 28 Anguish; 29 Yegg; 30 Scientists. DOWN: 1 and 23 Latescent; 2 and 24 Program music; 4 Handiwork; 5 Urges; 7 Osmanli; 8 Nethermost; 9 Foot bath; 14 Clerestory; 16 Semitone; 18 Terminate; 20 Iceberg; 22 Dandies; 25 Light; 26 and 3 This End Up.

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